THE WRANGLING LOVERS: OR, THE Invisible Mistress.

A Comedy.

As it is now Acted at the

Dukes-Theatre.

LONDON,

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LICENSED.

Sept. 25th. 1676. *Roger L'Estrange.*

The Persons Names.

Count *de Benevent*	A little old testy Spaniard,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Don *Diego de Stuniga*	Lover of *Octavia.*	Mr. *Smith.*
Don *Ruis de Moncade*	Rival to Don *Diego*, not beloved.	Mr. *Medburn*
Don *Guſman de Haro*	A well bred Cavaliere.	Mr. *Harris.*
Sanco	Vallet to *Guſman*, a ſimple pleaſant fellow.	Mr. *Underhill*
Ordgano	Vallet to Don *Diego*, a cunning Knave.	Mr. *Percivall*
Pedro	Vallet to Count *de Benevent.*	
A prating. Shopkeeper		Mr. *Richards.*

Women.

Octavia de Pimentell	Daughter to Count *de Benevent.*	Mrs. *Hughes.*
Elvira	Siſter to Don *Ruis* in Love with *Guſman.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Jacinta	Woman to *Elvira.*	Mrs. *Gillo.*
Beatrice.	Woman to *Octavia*,	Mrs *Gibbs.*

Muſitians, Dancers, Servants.

The Scene *Toledo.*

ERRATA.

PAg 7, li. 28 for *set* read *sent* p. 10 l. 3. f *ou'd* r *if you'd* l. 24. f. *more* r. *most*. p 13. l. 26. f *threatnings* r. *threatnings*, p. 18. l. 18. f. *sha'l* r. *will*, p. 32. l. 2 f. *would* r. *should*, p. 36. l. 37. f *gives* r *grieves*, p. 40. l. 1 f *guards* r *guarda*, p. 41. l. 15. f. *can* r. *do*, l. 16. f. *wou'd* r. *can*. p. 45. l. 13. f. *himself* r. *it self*, l. 37 f *itching* r. *hitching*, p. 46. l. 27. f. *all* r. *as*, p. 47. l 27. f. *whom* r. *whence*, p 49. l. 34 f *find time* r. *find a time*, p 50 l. 1. f. *bas by his* r. *by his*, p. 60, l. 27. dele, *I'le assure you*, p. 63 l. 16, f. *he* r. *the*, p. 64. l. 22. dele *again* p. 66. l. 29. f. *but me* r. *me but*

THE WRANGLING LOVERS: OR THE Invisible Mistress.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

The Scene in the Church.

Enter Don Gusman *and* Sanco.

Gus. SO, I am first at the place appointed. I had lost my honour, if the fair Inviter, that sent me the challenge, had got into the field before me. *Sanco.*

San. Sir— [*yawning.*

Gus. Sir— with your mouth wide open as if you were coming to eat me.

San. I have more stomach to sleep than to eat.

Gus. Sluggish Brute cannot you watch one night without all this yawning and rubbing your eyes.

San. These signs are the Language of Nature, by which she declares her wants. Draw but the Teat from the mouth of a Babe, and still the lips retain a pretty sucking motion, which tels us with a silent sort of Oratory, that it is still a hungry. Nature even in the most vile sort of Animals will not without

complaints be denyed her due refections. I think Sir, it is as natural to sleep as to eat.

Gus. Yes to such Sots as you it is natural to do nothing else but sleep and eat. You slept enough, if snoring be a sign of sleeping.

San. A little towards morning, when I had no more paper left to burn under my Nose.

Gus. If your loud snoring had not waken'd me your sitting up all night, had been to much purpose, instead of your calling me, I was fain to call you, half a dozen kicks could scarcely rouze you.

San. I think you did ill to treat a servant so, that does your business as well sleeping as waking. I knew my faculty, and therefore had no scruple of Conscience to take a nap contrary to your commands.

Gus. I have helpt you to an excuse for your negligence, but you had best not let me catch you napping so any more.

San. The next time you have an occasion to rise early, let me but lie in your Antichamber upon a pallad Bed, and you will find you have a Servant more advantageous for the design of waking you, than a Cock, or an Alarum-Clock.

Gus. And keep me awake all night with a noise more ungrateful than a Catterwailing.

San. There's not a man in all *Toledo* sleeps with the like decorum. I have a clear Conscience, and my sleeps are harmonious.

Gus. Go, leave rubbing your eies and look about, if you see e'r a Lady entring the Church give me notice.

San. Of all my Senses that of Seeing at present is most imperfect, I can scarcely hold my eies open, they twinkle like a couple of rush lights.

Gus. You Snail Beetle mend your pace, How like a Carriers horse you go Nod, Nod along.

San. Well if he takes up the trade of being a Lover, I'le lay down that of Vallet; for Lovers are alwayes thus cholleric, and I shall have but a Spaniels life on't, lie down at his Chamber door a nights, and in the moruing rise and shake my ears, and all the day after be set a rangeing, or be bid to fetch

fetch and carry; O the wicked cause of all these evils is at hand. — Sir, Sir, look to your self, here comes a couple of dark Lanthorns towards us.

Enter Elvira, Jacinta *vail'd.*

Gus. Begone, keep your distance. [Sanco *retreats.*

Elvi. Jacinta, go and stand Centry at the Church door, and if you see my Brother coming give me notice.

Jac. The hour of his devotions is not yet come.

Elvi. I listened at his Chamber, as I came down stairs, and I heard him stirring.

Jac. My diligence shall secure you from a surprise. [Ja. *exit.*

Gus. How excellent is her shape, and her meine how graceful.

Elvi. Don Gusman, for so I know you are called, tho you are ignorant both of my name and Quality, tell me with what sentiments do you receive a visit from a Lady, that thus exposes her honour to your censure.

Gus. With all the faith, fence, and honour, that a true Cavileer ought, who is thought worthy to be trusted, and so highly honour'd by a Lady.

Elvi. Did not the Letter I sent you yesterday with a summons to meet an unknown person much surprise you?

Gus. I was surpris'd to think, that you would trust your person with me here, that in your Letter durst not trust me with your name.

Elvi. Do you think you know me, Sir?

Gus. I am sure I do not, for if I did, you would then know me, of which I find the contrary.

Elvi. I call'd you by your name.

Gus. But, Madam, did you know me, you would in your Letter have intrusted me with your name, and here with a sight of your person. Whilst you keep your Vail on, I am sure you don't know me as you ought.

Elvi. I confess Sir, what I have done proceeds not from my knowledge, but from my belief of your gallantry, and you may hope much when my faith is confirm'd by experience.

Gus. I hope Love will inspire you with a quick faith, to believe that if you should discover to me all those glorious charms

you are enrich'd with, that I ſhould be capable of conſerving a ſufficient Empire o're my ſelf, and to remember what I am obliged to render to ſo great a merit as yours.

Elvi. If I find you as diſcreet, as I think you gallant, I ſhall have a very great inclination to acknowledge the trouble I have given you.

Guſ. I am reſolved, how great ſo e're my paſſion is, my reſpect ſhall be inſeparable.

Elvi. Though you wonder, yet blame not my denial. A proceedure ſo new as this, ſeems to have ſomething in it inexcuſable, but when you ſhall learn, what at preſent I muſt not acquaint you with, you will then at leaſt not condemn it: all that I can now ſay to you is, That the liberty I take ought not to make you think any thing to my diſadvantage.

Guſ. I would not preſs you to enlarge your favours; but that I know the diſcovery of your perſon will give me yet more advantageous thoughts of you.

Elvi. I am of ſome Quality, and without vanity I will ſay, I have attractions enough to engage you to more than you think, if it were permitted me to ſhew you them. But I have reaſons not to be ſubverted, that now make me conceal my ſelf from your ſight. Deſiſt from further expectations till time has convinced me, that I may with aſſurance truſt you with the ſight and knowledge of my perſon.

Guſ. Will you have the cruelty to raiſe me to this high expectation, and leave me here to be tortured by imagination?

Elvi. I will unvail my ſelf if you have the injuſtice to demand it, but then I will for ever withdraw from your ſight; this day paſt you ſhall never ſee me more.

Elvira *puls off her glove to turn up her Vail.*

Guſ. Hold, yet now I ſee your hand uncovered, it appears ſo fine, I am more deſirous and impatient to behold the reſt. By that little patern I perceive the whole piece is excellent, Madam I muſt acknowledge I ſhould be tranſported to ſee you, if you had that indulgent goodneſs to ſuffer it. But ſince you have reaſons to the contrary, I ought to have ſome too not to deſire it, but rather accommode my ſelf to what is your pleaſure

sure to prescribe, than let you grant, what I had the insolence to press you to.

Enters Jacinta, *Whispers to* Elvira.

Jac. Madam, *Don Ruis* is at the further end of the Street, and comes towards the Church.

Elvi. Sir, I must leave you at present, but by your respect to me, and the honour of a Cavileer, I charge you not to follow me one step, nor cause me to be followed by any, for besides that your curiosity would be vain, I woud never more converse with you.

Gus. What assurance do you give me that you ever will again, or how distant is that happy minute from this hour?

Elvi. I will half an hour hence meet you in this very place, and tell you when and where you shall see me next.

Gus. In this half hour consider you have drawn me to the rack, and leave me there upon the full streach, and resolve to have the charity to ease my pain, by the shortness of your delay, Think, one that has had a glimpse of Heaven how wrapt he is with desires to have a full view of its glories.

Elv. So much as you abound in virtuous sentiments, and so punctual as *I* find you to my commands *I* will endeavour to have thoughts of you, that shall not displease you, Adieu.

Elvi. Jac. *exeunt.*

Sanc. So 'tis even as *I* thought, one assignation begets another, this night will be a Vigil too: and so it will go on night after night, till at last *I* run mad for want of sleep.

Gus. Whats that you mutter to your self?

Sanc. *I* was thinking, that Lovers are very vertuous people, for they in one months intrigue keep more Vigils, than are found in the Churches Kalender for a whole year.

Gus. Leave your Meditations, Rascal.

Sanc. Here comes your Friend and Hoste *Don Ruis.*

Gus. If she should return sooner than *I* expect, and find company here, *I* might lose the happyness of conversing a second time with a person, whose short absence *I* already think too long, and with impatience wish the sight of.

Enter Don Ruis.

Ruis. Don Guſman good morrow to you, you are got early to your Devotions— I was no ſooner up, but I came into your apartment, and knock'd at your chamber door, and my Servants told me you went out at break of day.

Guſ. I had ſome thoughts in my mind that broke my repoſe, and therefore got up early, that I might be ſo ſleepy at night, that no diſquiet of mind, may then hinder me from taking my reſt.

Ruis. Don Guſman put not on theſe diſguiſes before your Friend, if it be inconvenient for me to know your ſecrets, I will not preſs you to a diſcovery, but your early riſing this morning I know was deſign; for hearing a noiſe laſt night, I roſe, and looking into your Anti-chamber, I ſaw *Sanco* ſit nodding with his head in the Chimney, and hold ſmoking paper under his noſe to keep him awake: I doubt not but in order to obey your commands of calling you early this morning, I then gheſs'd at the deſign, and retir'd to my bed without taking further notice, and your early going abroad this morning, has confirm'd the truth of my ſuſpitions.

Guſ. I muſt own you were not miſtaken, yet in juſtification of what I told you, I will acquaint you with the cauſe whence thoſe thoughts did proceed, which broke the ſoundneſs of my ſleep.

Ruis. If you doubt my friendſhip, or think I want the faculty to conceal, what you are about to entruſt to my knowledge, yet forbear the diſcovery: I aſſure you I am not at all curious.

Guſ. Nor do I wrong your friendſhip with ſuch ſuſpitions. I muſt draw him from this ground, and the relation of what is already paſs'd affords me a pretence. } [*aſide.*
If you'll defer your devotions we will take a turn in the Cloyſters, and I will there give you a ſhort relation of no unpleaſant adventure.

Ruis. I am glad you do not repent your early riſing.

Guſ. As yet I have no cauſe.— *Sanco* be vigilant, and if you diſcover the vail'd Lady or her attendant coming, ſtep to the Cloyſter door and becken me, I'le have my eie ſtill this way

way.— Be sure you let 'em not depart till I have first spoken with 'em.

San. If once they come within my Gripe I'le be sure of them.

Gus. Except to call me, stir not a foot from this place.

San. No Sir, I will set my self down at the foot of this Pillar, and be as immovable till you return. [*Gus. Ruis exeunt.* This *Don Ruis* I hold to be a man of much greater discreetion than my *Don Gusman*. He never gets up by the same light that he goes to bed, but is so good a Husband as to save candle in the morning, and let the Sun light him to find his cloaths, and who indeed woud spend money to see to dress himself, when he may have day light for nothing. Well, I will fall to my devotions to pass away the time.

Sanco *puts on his Masters cloak, and sits down with his beads in his hand, and falls a sleep.*

Enter Elvira, Jacinta *vail'd, at the other side of the Stage.*

Elvi. We'll leave the Church with what speed we can.

Jac. Madam, let not fear discompose you, tho *Don Ruis* and he are walk'd aside, their discourse may not be about you.

Elvi. Yes, yes, I know he is acquainting him with what is pass'd.

Jac. I look on *Don Gusman* to be more discreet than to trust affairs of this nature to the knowledge of any.

Elvi I believe he would not, if he could reveal to him a Ladies name, but if relating only the business, my Brothers curiosity should lead him to be an eye witness of our second interview, and place himself, where, unseen, he may behold what manner of person *I* am, he may ghess by my motion, or actions, or stature: *I* will not expose my self to the danger of being known.

Jac. See, yonder sits *Sanco* devoutly a sleep, wrapt in his Matters cloak, shall *I* wake him? you may with him leave directions for an after meeting.

Elvi. No, *I* will be gone without saying any thing.

Jac. Don Gusman will stay expecting your return.

Elvi. I will make him wait unprofitably, to punish the indis-

indiſcreetion, which *I* know him guilty of.

Jac. *It* is but your ſuſpition Madam.

Elvi. Being my Brothers Gheſt, *I* can at any time retrieve this omiſſion, by letting you in diſguiſe meet him in the Street with directions, as I did yeſterday for this appointment.-Come.

Jac. Farewel moſt pious drowſie *Sanco.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Guſman.

Guſ. So, my Friend has left me for his devotions. Where's *Sanco.* Ha, the Rogue's fallen faſt a ſleep with his beads in his hand, and my cloak about his ſhoulders, rouze, rouze, Animal. [*kicks* Sanco.

The beaſt ſnorts on, if your Noſe and Ears are ſet faſt on your head, *I*'le make uſe of 'em to raiſe you up by.

Guſman *puls* Sanco *up by the Noſe and Ears, who makes a noiſe.*

San. Au, auh, auh —

Guſ. Hold your bellowing Beaſt.

San. Sir, wont you let a Man alone at his prayers?

Guſ. At his prayers Raſcal, do you ſay your prayers like Engliſh Phanaticks through the Noſe? muſt the Church be your dormitary, and my cloak your covering? if *I* find it any more about your villanous ſhoulders, *I*'le pin it to your back with a *Toledo* bodkin.

San. I thought, Sir, a good Chriſtian, tho a poor Devil, was not ſo deſpicable, but that he might ſerve for a peg to hang your cloak on.

Guſ. Has the Lady or any from her been here ſince *I* went?

San. No Sir no —

Guſ. No Sir, I may as well ask the pillars; you was at your devotions in a heavenly trance.

San. Ay Sir, but I ſaw no female viſions.

Guſ. Which way went the Lady? when ſhe parted from us?

San. Nay Sir, I thought it was forbidden to look after her.

Guſ. Why did I let her go? why did I not follow her? to be ſo eaſily perſwaded to quit her, will make her think I had no value for her, and then ſhe will leave me to my diſpair and ignorance.

San.

San. Did you lend her any mony?

Guſ. Lend her mony, Raſcal.

San. Nay if you did not, you'l ſee her again for certain. I'le pawn my life ſhe comes again, and layes the foundation of a better acquaintance, by asking to borrow a purſe of gold.

Guſ. Scoundrel, ſhe is of Quality.

San. Yes Sir, moſt women that make aſſignations, have that good Quality.

Guſ. Her own tongue declar'd ſhe was no mean perſon.

San. I'le as ſoon take a Jocky's word of his horſe, or a Poet's of his own play, as a womans of her ſelf.

Guſ. Her Garb was rich and Noble.

San. No queſtion but it was the gift of ſome ſuch noble perſon as your ſelfe.

Guſ. Her mein and behaviour ſhew'd her of breeding, her ſhape was Charming, her wit was great, and no queſtion but what ſhe conceales, is not leſs beautiful and ſurpriſing; ſlave, if you had had any wit, or minded your Maſters intereſt, you might have diſcourſt the woman whilſt I was talking to the Miſtreſs, and have given her occaſion to let fall ſome word, that might a little have contributed to the diſcovery of what I now remain ignorant.

San. A wiſe man never makes a puther, when reaſon tells him tis unneceſſary and ſurperfluous, no doubt but the Lady you commend, has as many good thoughts of you; thinks you are as handſome and comely a perſon as walks the ſtreets of *Toledo*, And judges no leſs by your embroder'd ſuits and change of rich apparel (which you ſhift oftener than the Major Domo of his Majeſty) that you are too of Quality, but with more reaſon; and from thence too imagins, that you treat nobly all the Amorettos that you keep; and intends, I warrant you, that you ſhall be the cheif of her Dons.

Guſ. Hold your poltry tongue, Rogue, if you were worth my trouble of chaſtiſeing *I* ſhoud now give your inſolence ſevere correction, if hereafter you do not ſpeak with more reſpect of the moſt virtuous perſon in the world, *I* ſhall lay a ſide all conſiderations, and put you in a condition of never more ſullying a Ladyes reputation with that ſtinking breath of yours.

San. I acknowledge I am not worth your trouble of chaſtiſeing, and it is to profane your noble hand to let it fal on any part of me but you'd let me have the priviledge of ſpeaking two or three words; I wou'd demand, in what particular you find this perſon ſo virtuous; what virtue is there in appointing a Love embaſſadreſs, to ſtand century, who imagining that ſhe has found her Cully, gives an aſſignation by break of day the the next morning; when all the virtuous people that I know are at that time, as I us'd to be, faſt a ſleep.

Guſ. Yes perſons of your ſanctity ſnore out the time that ſuch well diſpos'd Virgins ſpend at their devotions, I believe it her practice to be here thus early, eſpecially on ſuch great holy dayes as theſe.

San. A Very godly practiſe, to make the Church a place of Rendevouze for Love affairs.

Guſ. Did not the place protect thee, theſe provocations added to thy negligence wou'd not let my anger be appeas'd without thy life.

San. I ſhall love a Church the better for it as long as *I* live.

Guſ. *I* know by her not coming, that ſhe was here in my abſence, when thou waſt ſottiſhly a ſleep. *I*le ſearch round the Church for her, and then if *I* find her not, reſolve to leave the place.

San. You will do more diſcreetly, Sir, for it is time to go to breakfaſt.

Guſ. But *I* ſhall do more diſcreetly, for your ſloath and careleſneſs to turn you out of my ſervice; give me my cloak: fare you well. unleſs by ſome means or other you can find what is become of the perſon *I* have loſt the ſight of by your Raſcally negligence, never more come near me, unleſs it be to ſend your brutiſh ſoul on an Errand to the Devill. [Guſ. *Exit.*

San. So, this it is to be ſubſervient to a Love Adventurer, if his Miſtreſs quarrells with him, he quarrells with his man; if ſhe turns off the Maſter, the Maſter turns away his ſervant. O inſtability of humane life; well, *I*le ferret every altar in the Church for her, and enquire at every houſe in Toledo but *I*le find her. And if *I* meet her, *I*le have her to him, tho it be on pick-pack. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Don Ruis, Beatrice *following him.*

Beat. Sir, *Don Ruis.*

Ruis. *Beatrice!* is the Adorable *Octavia* here *Beatrice!*

Beat Yes Sir, she is at her prayers. I saw you pass by the altar, and stole from behind her, to tell you so.

Ruis. I thank thee kind *Beatrice*, will she be displeas'd think'st thou if I approach her?

Beat. Sir! 'twill but insense her, the league was never so strong as now, betwixt my Mistress and *Don Diego.* they are now never from one another, they can't say their prayers asunder, and I believe shortly they won't be able to sleep asunder.

Ruis. The last time I saw thee thou told'st me of their often quarreling.

Beat. Yes Sir, they fall out every day still, and jangle like bells on a holy day; they are as Jealous of one another, as the old Count her father is of his honour; they are ever a scanning punctillios, so that the least occasion begetts a falling out on either side. And now and then I put in an unlucky word, for your advantage.

Rus. Continue thy kindness, were it not for thee, I should quite dispair. I made my applications to Count-*de-Benevent* her father, and he having first approv'd of *Don Diego's* addresses to the fair *Octavia*, denyes the least overture of mine. And unless he quite break off, I must languish out my life in the tortures of a succesless Rival, and a dispairing Lover.

Beat. The mischeif on't is, there is a kind of sympathy, or instinct, or I don't know what in their love, that like a worme cut asunder, it still joynes together again; but Ile do my best Sir, and when ever their falling out may be to your advantage, Ile be sure to give you notice, your servant Sir. I dare not stay any Longer. [Beat. *Exit.*

Ruis. I'le follow you at distance. Whilst the fair *Octavia* pays her devotions to heaven, I'le pay mine to her, my sighs shall be as fervent as those she sends up her petitions in: nor shall her eyes look more devoutly upward, than mine shall do at her.

Whilst she with zeal does heavens indulgence move,
From her I'le draw compassion by my Love. [*Exit.*

End of the First Act.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

The Scene, the Street before Count Benevents *Houſe.*

Enter Octavia, Beatrice *vail'd*, Sanco *following them.*

San. HEark you, pretty Female.

Beat. I don't know you.

San. Nor I whether you are pretty, but my Maſter has infected me with his implicite faith, and becauſe he believes your Miſtreſs handſome, unſight, unſeen, I muſt of conſequence, as I am of his Retinue, vouch the ſame of you.

Beat. What's your buſineſs?

San. Is not your Miſtreſs an unreaſonable woman to make a young Gentleman to riſe at break of day to meet her, and then to pop him off with ſo ſhort a viſit; to leave him without ſhewing him her face: to ſay ſhe'd come again within half an hour, and to break her promiſe and ne'r go near him ſince? I wonder how ſhe can go to her prayers in a morning and have no better a Conſcience.

Beat. My Lady is not a perſon that makes appointments.

San. You may well be aſham'd on't, and ſo may ſhe too.

Beat. What do you mean?

San. I would fain know what your Miſtreſs's meaning was, to ſet you laſt night at the corner of a Street, angling for my Maſter with the enticing bait of an amorous aſſignation, and when you might have got him by the gills, forſook the ſport? If ſhe had had a mind to be acquainted with his good parts, it had been but unvailing, and if he had lik'd the Frontiſpiece, he ſoon would have made his Entrance into the main building.

Beat. Friend, if you are drunk it is not my fault, as for my part I am tir'd with your ſottiſh diſcourſe; Stand away.

San.

San. One word more.

Oct.a. How now Friend! how came you so well acquainted with my Woman?

San. I am yet no better acquainted with her than my Master is with you: and as he is desirous of a better correspondence with you, so am I of a little more intimacy with her.

Oct.a. Friend, you had best leave us, and go about your business.

San. As a true Servant I must do my Masters business First I am his Ambassador, and must not depart without you first give me Audience.

Oct.a. Friend, you'l endanger a Bastinade.

San. That usage to an Ambassador is against the Law of Nations.

Oct.a. But you come more like a Spy, and as a Spy you shall be received, if you have yet the boldness to proceed in your impertinence, till you arrive at that door there.

{ Sanco *stops: they go forward to their House.* [*Exeunt.*

San. The truth is, not having my Credentials about me, I shall appear rather a Spy than an Ambassadour. I will take their advice, and keep my distance. I have no great stock of valour to repel dangers; therefore I will make use of my discretion, and like a wise man keep out of harms way— Auh, they are gone in, by their threatnings that must be the place of their abode: and I'le wait here about awhile to see if they don't take harbour here to shake me off. If that be their design, they'l come forth again presently.

Enter Ordgano, *looking at a distance upon* Sanco.

Ordg. Ha—! Sure I am not mistaken!

San. What's he a Spy too? He comes to take a survey of my Body, and as the Academist said when he hang'd the Butchers great Dog, He shall see it in it's full dimensions.

{ Sanco *streaches himself at his full length.*

Ordg. Ay, 'tis he.

San. Now, who does he take me for?

Ordg.

Ordg. Country! How doſt do Country?

San. I know not whether I am your Country or no: but I don't remember I ever ſaw you in mine.

Ordg. O Heavens, I'le not believe you have ſo diſobliging a memory.

San. It may be it is becauſe I am faſting.

Ordg. I'le give you a Breakfaſt for old acquaintance ſake.

San. It may be then I may remember you better. But I can't ſtir from hence yet.

Ordg. 'Tis ſo, he's upon deſign.— Well, I'le ſtep in here and bid 'em bring us a Morſel of ſomething. I'le be with you preſently. { *Exit.* Ordg. *into* Don Diego's *Houſe.*

San. At leaſt I ſhall remember him hence forward, that his acquaintance came ſo luckily. For I am heartily an hungry. I wiſh he knows me but well enough to come again according to his promiſe.

Ordgano *re-enters with Eggs and bread.*

Ordg. Come Country, will you ſup off a couple of raw Eggs?

San. That's the Faſhion of my Country.

Ordg. That's lucky. Ay I know it well: here's a piece of good Bread and Garlick too, and that's the faſhion of your Country too, is it not?

San. O yes! in our Country we are as great lovers of Garlick, as any Country in *Spain.*

Ordg Come Sir, the Boy is bringing ſome wine: in the mean time I will ſup off an Egg to your good health.

Enter Boy with two Bottles of wine. [*Exit. Boy.*

San. I thank you Signieur, and I'le pledge you.

Ordg. Come Country, here's ſome wine for you, Country.

San. Gratias Signieur; Now I am ſure of the Wine, I'le venture to ſee if he has ever been of my acquaintance. Signieur the more I look on you, the leſs I remember you.

Ordg. O, and that be all you'l remember me anon.

San. Of what Country are you?

Ordg. Of your Country.

San. What of *Aragonia?*

Ordg.

Ordg. Now 'tis out. Yes, I am an *Aragonian.*

San. So far he's right. What may your name be?

Ordg. Why have you forgotten my name too?

San. I don't remember I ever knew it.

Ordg. Bless me what has happen'd to you! Can you remember your own name?

San. Yes.

Ordg. You can't. Let's hear.

San. Sanco.

Ordg. *Sanco*, that's right. I durst have laid a wager that forgetting my name you could not have remembred your own. But Signieur *Sanco* I find I was mistaken. Come my service to you Signieur *Sanco.* [*drinks.*

San. He knows *Argonia* is my Country, and my name *Sanco*, he has formerly known me, tho I have forgotten him.

Ordg. Come pledge me, Signior *Sanco*, then sup off t'other egg [*Each sups off his egg*

So. This is usually my Breakfast, a raw Egg and a glass of Malago.

San. Ay, good hearty meat, but it is no great filler of the Belly.

Ordg. A good preparative for dinner.

San. This is no more to my belly, than I was to the Church I left just now.

Ordg. Come Sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart. I am rejoyced I meet you in a time of leasure, when we are not constrain'd to salute one another, with a bare scrape of the leg onely. I don't love old Acquaintance should meet and part with dry lips, and so your good health once more.

San. You are one of the most hearty and most cordial persons, that I have ever met with, and your civility will never let me forget you hereafter. And so I drink off the rest of my Wine, to your good health, and our better acquaintance.

[*drinks.*

Ordg. Off with it. [*drinks.*

So now my dear *Sanco* tell me, what inchantment confines you to this place. I find by the glances of your eye upon that part of the Street, you are upon some design.

San.

San. It is a matter of no ſmall conſequence.

Ordg. If I can be any thing ſerviceable to you in the buſineſs, let me know it, and for the honour of our Country, I'le ſhew the beſt of my skill.

San. I have been only dogging a Lady, and her Attendant to their home.

Ordg. And they went into that Houſe I warrant you, which you lear'd at ſo often ſince we have been here.

San. Very true. And I ſtand to watch if they come out again.

Ordg. Umh, have you any Letter or Meſſage to deliver to 'em.

San. No.

Ordg. How then?

San. If they ſtay long there, then I conclude that is their place of Habitation.

Ordg. A very rational concluſion. I find you a man of judgment, and very expert in managing a Love intrigue. Is it not ſome ſuch buſineſs Country: ha! let me by way of divertiſement partake a little more knowledge of the buſineſs.

San. Why, you muſt know that I am of the retinue to *Don Guſman.*

Ordg. So.

San. A very fine perſon, tho a little chollerick when he is croſs'd in love.

Ordg. Is he in love then? with whom?

San. You ſhall hear: laſt night a cunning love factreſs, that very well underſtood her trade, as my Maſter was coming home to his lodging, meets him at the turning of a ſtreet, pretty near the houſe of *Don Ruis de Moncade,* who is *Don Guſmans* friend, and whoſe gheſt my maſter is at preſent.

Ordg. So.

San. In this rancounter he received an appointment to meet an unknown Lady, early this morning, at the Church of St. *Dominick.*

Ordg. Very pretty, ſo.

San. We obeyed the ſummons, the Lady came punctually to her aſſignation, but after a few Ceremonies, and a little pritle pratle on both ſides, the Lady withdrew, promiſing to return

return within halfe an hour, the time expir'd, *Don Gusman* waited out his patience, the party expected came not again, *Don Gusman* not knowing her name, nor where to find her, sent me in quest of her: at last I spy'd her coming out of the Church, and have now set her.

Ordg. And here she hous'd. So.

San. Now my next business is to acquaint my Master with my success.

Ordg. So. I am glad matters succeed so well; and since your affairs require not my service, I will content my selfe with the hopes of a future occasion, and at present detain you no longer in prejudice to *Don Gusman*, to whom this news must needs be wellcome.

San. Adios, Signior. [San. *Exit.*

Ordg. Adieu, Sancho.

Enter Don Diego.

Dieg. Ordgano, well performed.

Ordg. Coud you hear perfectly Sir from your window?

Dieg. I heard all, and am amaz'd at her infidelity. Love was never declar'd in more kind and obliging expressions, than I receiv'd from her last night at parting. I'le give her a visit whilst my rage is arm'd with scorn, and upbraid her with her dissimulation, and ungrateful infidelity.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Sir, my Lady spy'd you from her window, and sent me to tell you, that she is coming down into the court to speak to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavia *unvail'd.*

Don Diego, Beatrice *in the Court before the House.*

Oct. Your Looks *Don Diego*, tell me my invitation is not pleasing to you, what is the matter Sir?

Dieg. Nothing.

Oct. If nothing be the matter, you don't do discreetly to come abroad when you are in such an ill humour as this, and incommode persons who are no wayes oblig'd to remove it.

Dieg. I know it very well Madam, I might not it may be have been troubleſome to you, had you not ſent me an invitation.

Oct a. Beatrice, prithee tell him, that the door he came in at is ſtill open.

Dieg. And let her tell me too, that it was open this morning by break of day to let you out.

Oct a. Who are you acquainted with, that cou'd ſo quickly inform you, that I went out ſo early?

Dieg. So early Madam! You did go out then I perceive, ſince you demand who coud inform me.

Oct a. Yes, I did go out, but from hence forward I will not with ſo great tranquility take the pleaſure I receiv'd this morning. I ſhall continually imagine I ſee you, or ſome of your Spyes ſet to give you an account of my actions.

Dieg. No, all that you can do for the future, ſhall be indifferent to me, I ſhall abandon your Empire with a facility, that ſhall ſufficiently diſcover, your chains are not ſo difficult to be broken, as your vanity does make you believe.

Oct a. I find you very full of temerity in preſuming to ſay you abandon me. You, whom I have ſo often ordain'd never to ſee me more, but have no ſooner baniſht you my preſence, but I have ſeen you at my feet, imploring my grace, and making uſe of all your entreaties, to incline me to repeal the ſentence, and declar'd that you could not without death obey: if my chains, as you ſcornfully ſay, are ſo eaſie to be broken, why have you not done it twenty times before? either they are more powerful than your malice will allow, or you are a very weak man, *Don Diego.*

Dieg. You have ſometimes driven me from you, but 'twas when you were ſure that I would return again; of which you were glad, as appears by your frequent revoking thoſe commands.

Oct a. You are not the firſt troubleſome companion, that has been received out of reſpect to good manners, and whom one ſees with regret.

Dieg. But I will no more, Madam, be that troubleſome perſon. I will have the honour now to quit you, and do let you know,

know, before I take my leave of you, that it is to be for ever; and that your lingring in the Church longer as you have formerly done, expecting that I ſhould come and make my addreſſes to you, will now ſignifie nothing, and if I go or come by your houſe, or ſtand ſtill near it, it ſhall not be out of deſign that you ſhould ſend *Beatrice* to invite me in.

Oct. And I would have you know, that *I* will never go to Church hereafter, but with my Father, in whoſe preſence you dare not, unleſs *I* pleaſe, ſay the leaſt thing to me; and that you ſhall, if you have a fancy for it, walk in ſight of my window, a thouſand times in a day; and *I* not take the leaſt notice of you. *If* I look out and ſmile, interpret it not kindneſs, but in deriſion of your folly. And ſince you are ſo kind to promiſe me never to come here again, I will be ſo civil to diſmiſs you now without further ceremony, and deal really with you, and let you know, *I* wiſh with all my heart that you were already gone.

Dieg. You do aſſure it me with an indifference too great to make me in the leaſt doubt of what you ſay; in what I ſpake, there was ſomething I know not what of paſſionate, which ſufficiently diſcovers, if you had a mind to obſerve it, that I love you ſtill, though you deſerve it not: But the cruel indifference that you have now ſhewn, makes it plainly appear, you never had any true love for me; and ſo Madam I'le be preparing to take my leave. *Beatrice*, prithee give me a glaſs of your fair water. [Beat. *Exit.*

So, now Madam— [Don Diego *walks about pulling on his gloves with difficulty, and when the water comes, one half on, which he puls off to receive the glaſs. Drinks. Gives* Beatrice *the glaſs, and then puls on his glove again. Lingers out time in ſtroking them on.*

Oct. Well Sir—

Dieg. You don't hinder me from going.

Oct. Do your pleaſure—

Dieg. You do well, the trouble would be in vain, and to ſhew you it would, I bid you adieu, and declare it not to be

as formerly, an adieu *Juſqu'au revoir*, ſuch as I have taken till this preſent, but an *adieu* for ever. Your Servant Madam.

[Diego *exit. Humming to himſelf.*

Octa. Beatrice he's gone.

Beat. Did you obſerve how he ſpun out the time, in hopes you would change your mind.

Octa. But after all, can my going out to the Bath ſo early this morning be the onely occaſion of this Quarrel? He cannot ſure, at a thing ſo cuſtomary, be thus offended.

Diego *Re-enters,*

Beat. See, he is come again—

Dieg. *Beatrice*, I had forgotten to take my leave of you. There's ſome duccates for you, it may be they may be as lucky to you as *Don Ruis*'s, or thoſe *Don Guſman* rewarded you with this morning for your early riſing. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Octa. I find by his laſt words, there is ſomething which we don't underſtand, run *Beatrice*, and call him back.

Beat. If 'twas to me, I'de e'ne let him go.

Octa. I muſt clear it, it may be ſome thing offenſive to my honour: Run. [Beat. *exit.*

Benev. within. Odſprecious where are you here, hoy—

Re-enter Beatrice.

Beat. Madam, your Father is come in at the back door, I hear him rage.

Octa. Oh Heavens! There muſt be ſome other ground of this quarrel by his naming of *Don Guſman*; what it can be, or who this *Don Guſman* is I cannot imagine.

Beat. You have not leaſure now to examine it.

Octa. Once again I'le ſee *Don Diego*, to convince his miſtakes, and rectifie his opinion of my reputation. That done, I'le never ſee him more.

[Octa. Beat. *exeunt.*

Enter Don Guſman, Sanco.

San. Ay Sir, we are right, this is their cage, here they hopp'd in.

Guſ. The Houſe is very remarkable.

San. If you have but patience to walk here a little, we ſhall ſee the canary Birds percht up in their window anon.

Guſ.

Gus. Here is no glimpse of 'em: We'l view the windows on this other side of the house. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, Jacinta: *their vails turn'd up.*

Elv. We'l keep at this distance.

Jac. If we stand here we can't lose sight of 'em: here we may see all up that Street.

Elv. The sudden resolution of my Brother was very lucky to our present design; I should else have been puzled to have invented a pretence to go abroad just at this time of the day.

Jac. What was his reason at first to conceal you from *Don Guzman*? and e're since he came to be his Ghest, to confine you to the back apartment of his house, and tell him you are out of town?

Elv. For fear any thing should be discours'd to my prejudice, if it was known that *Don Gusman* had a lodging so near me. Have you still sight of 'em *Jacinta*?

Jac. Yes Madam, the House must be hereabouts that they look for, by their hankering so. But Madam, the same reason continuing still, why does *Don Ruis* now order you to go to your Aunts, and to come home to his House in her Coach an hour hence; as if you were just come out of the Countrey?

Elv. I objected the same, when I received his orders. And he told me that was but a pretended reason. And that the true ground of my concealment was, that he had information there would be some Overtures of a marriage with me, made to him by *Don Francisco de Medina*; of whose Revenue my Brother is a greater admirer than ever *I* shoud have been of his Person. And that some dayes since he heard his Applications are elsewhere, and his affections deeply engag'd.

Jac. That no doubt is the true reason.

Elv. And since the, friendship betwixt my Brother and *Don Gusman* is much increas'd. My Brother has acquainted him with the love of *Octavia*: that *Don Diego* is his Rival, and that his pretentions are rewarded with the favours which his fidelity more justly merits. *Don Gusman* on the other side has given

given him a relation of our aſſignation, and what paſs'd this morning; of *Sanco*'s ſucceſs in purſuit of the vail'd Lady; and of his preſent coming abroad with deſign to walk under the window. All this my Brother told me, to let me ſee the difference, betwixt my manner of living, and that of many other Ladies, who hazard the honour of their Families, by the indiſcreet liberty they take, and applauds the Life *I* lead, aſcribing all to his care, and conduct of me.

Jac. I wonder who this blundring *Sanco* has by miſtake followed inſtead of us.

Elv. Who e're it be, ſhe lives hereabouts. See, they come this way again. { *Pull down their vails o're their faces.*

Jac. I believe they are at a loſs.

Elv. Let us meet 'em *Jacinta.*

Jac. They have ſight of us.

Enter Don Guſman, Sanco.

Guſ. See *Sanco*! we are ſtaring up at the windows, and the perſons we look for are here in the Street.

San. Ay, here they are. They ſpy'd you from their windows, and are come down to you. So there's the inviting dop for you. { *They curteſie to* Guſman, *he goes to* Elvira.

When a Woman likes her man, ſhe has an Eye like a Hawk: She'l ſpy him twelve ſcore off. And if ſhe don't care for him, ſhe's ſo blind, ſhe can't ſee him, though his muſtachoes bruſh her Noſe.

Guſ. Madam, thus unexpectedly to ſurpriſe me with your preſence, was the only way you had to make amends for your breach of promiſe to me this morning.

Elv. Sir, I came not now to make excuſes for my ſelf, but to complain of you. If *I* have broke my word it is by your example, and my not coming to you was your own fault.

Guſ. How Madam, is it poſſible? That I, who waited with a burning deſire of ſeeing you again, ſhould be the occaſion of your not coming, which is the thing I now lament of. *I* am confounded to think how you ſhould be worſe than your

your word by the example of one, who so exactly kept his.

Elv. I have evidence enough to justifie my complaint.

Gus. If it be not a disparagement to seek a witness in a Servant, *Sanco* can testifie how diligent I was not to miss your return.

San. Yes, my Master set a Memorandum on my nose and ears.

Gus. I stir'd not from the place, but out of design to remove a Freind, whose presence, *I* fear'd, might interrupt your coming. But my Servant I planted there all the while to give me notice of your first approach. But if your finding him a sleep, as I did, has been the occasion; I revoke my act of mercy, and declare his fault unpardonable.

Elv. To render my self more intelligible, know that it is not of his neglect of duty, or your want of diligence that I complain, but of your indiscretion; the greatest fault a Cavalier can be guilty of, is to publish the favours he receives from persons of our Sex. I perceive by the colour that now rises in your face, that you already understand my meaning.

Gus. Your Eyes, whose transcendant brightness easily penetrates the thickness of that vail which covers them, are witnesses too illustrious not to be believ'd. I confess I made a Friend my Confident, a Friend that till now I ever found discreet. but by what you inform me, I discover how much a Captive he is to you, and that the Empire you have over him has made his love do violence to his friendship.

Elv. You take me then to be the Mistress of your Freind.

Gus. Yes Madam, I take you to be *Octavia de Pimentel*, whom *Don Ruis* adores. And now I begin to lose the hopes I had conceiv'd. For how adorable soever you be, love ought not to make me undertake any thing to the prejudice of my Friend. Rather than add to the number of his Rivals by offering you my heart, I ought to lend him the assistance of my Sword to remove them he already has.

Elv. I do know *Octavia*, but I am not her.

Gus. If you are not her, I ought then to have a quarrel with *Don Ruis*; who by divulging the secret, is guilty of a crime, which

which nothing, but the intereſt of a Miſtreſs could have rend'red excuſable.

Elv. *Don Ruis* is the beſt Friend you have. He told this to a perſon who hath given him as many proofs of fidelity, as you e'r receiv'd from him, and intended you no more harm in communicating it to that party, than you did me, when you related it to him.

Guſ. If he has diſcours'd it to one only, and that perſon be yourſelf, I cannot but be of opinion that you are his Miſtreſs, if you are not her, do me the grace for one moment, to grant me the ſight of thoſe many charms your cruel vail robs me of. I ſhall then know if my friendſhip be inconſiſtent with the love my heart is going to be poſſeſt with.

Elv. Do you know *Octavia*?

Guſ. *Don Ruis* often has ſhew'd me her picture, which out of devotion to her, he conſtantly wears about him: do not refuſe me the happineſs of being in a capacity to adore you without inquietude.

Elv. You deſire a thing, that is not fit for me to grant, till I have had a ſufficient proof of your diſcretion. It may be if I had told you my name before, or ſhew'd you my face, you had then too reveal'd one, and deſcrib'd the other. No, my reputation is a thing that well deſerves the beſt of my care with whom I entruſt it. I'le ſee you again, as ſoon as I may ſafely tell you whom I am.

Guſ. Leave me not without ſome further aſſurances that I ſhall again be thus bleſt, and that e're long I ſhall ſee you in the full luſtre of your charms.

Elv. Nothing ſhall hinder it, if to *Don Ruis* you do not again reveal what is paſt. [*Offers to go.*

Guſ. Stay, and I'le make you vows.

Elv. If you have any thing more to ſay, follow me to the Church of that Covent, and there diſcourſe it.

Guſ. *Sanco* there are four piſtols; [*Gives* Sanco *money.* See if you can make her earn it by diſcovering any thing to the advantage of my deſign. [Guſ. Elv. *exeunt.*

San. I'le warrant you, I'le open her mouth with this bunch of golden Keyes. Money will ſet a womans clack a going preſently

sently. —Nay heark you, tho my Master and your Mistress are gone aside, it is not come to that yet, 'twixt you and I. I have not made my compliments to you yet.

Jac. I doubt your compliments will not be worth staying to hear.

San. I have a very good one in store for you.

Jac. I question it.

San. But you'l like it.

Jac. Don't let it be too long then.

San. There 'tis for you, [*gives her two pieces of Gold.* without saying a word to you. How do you like it?

Jac. I doubt 'tis a second hand one.

San. But 'tis ne're the worse for wearing.

Jac. It is a dry compliment.

San. But such a one as you can't well answer, unless you repeat part of the same to me again.

Jac. I'le assure you I would not have receiv'd it, but that the money of Persons of Quality was alwayes lucky to me, and for lucks sake I'le keep it all.

San. Then for lucks sake I'le keep the other half.

[Sanco *puts the rest in his pocket.*

You see *Don Guzman* is a man that knows how to return affronts in the best manner. He had not offended you thus if you had not first affronted me this morning, by scorning to take notice of me, when I dogg'd you and your Mistress home from Church.

Jac. I'le persue the hint, I may learn something to my Mistresses advantage. [*Aside*

I had not been so uncivil, but that my Mistress gave me the Nod.

San. I began to think I had been deceiv'd, when she ask'd me how I came acquainted with you, and threatn'd so. She dissembled so cunningly, one would have thought her really angry.

Jac. She did indeed counterfeit rarely well.

San. Seeing her so very angry, I ghess'd she was near home, and then prest'd no further.

Jac. And did you see us go in?

San. Yes, and went preſently and fetch'd my Maſter to ſhew him your houſe; and ſee if we could catch you peeping out of your windows.

Jac. And which are our windows now, think you?

San. There's your door, and there's your windows.

Jac. O cunning *Sanco*!

San. What are you my Country too? [Sanco *ſtarts.*

Jac. How your Country?

San. That you know my name ſo readily. I never told it you.

Jac. I know it well enough.

San. But now, for the two Piſtols I have given you, I would have you tell me one thing, which I don't as yet know, and that is your Miſtreſs's name.

Jac. I muſt needs beg your pardon. My mouth is ſeal'd up.

San. But with a Wafer.

Jac. So ſtrong, that all your Art can't force it open.

San. You have very ſtrong jawes, if gold can't open 'em.

Jac. Not at this time.

San. If your legs have the ſame faculty as your lips, you'l die a Maid, Sweetheart.

Jac. That which is in hand has no force with me, it may be the aſſurance of as much more to come may prevail.

San. Theſe Women are deviliſh pick-pockets. Now muſt I produce the other two. 'Tis e'ne true as you ſaid, thoſe pieces will be lucky to you. They already draw as many more to 'em. Look you here, will you open?

Jac. Give 'em me.

San. Unravel then.

Jac. I will not tell you her name, becauſe I am ſworn to the contrary, but give 'em me, and I'le tell you how you ſhall know it.

San. There. Now if you'l but return me half of 'em back, I will tell you the names of all the Kindred my Maſter has, ſince his great Grandfather, and the Lord knows how much further.

Jac. Take notice, what I ſhall tell you is for your ſake, and not for the gold.

Then

San. Then give me that back again.

Jac. The kindness I shall do you in giving you an occasion to get into the affections of your Master, who has set you about this work, will be a sufficient benefit to you.

San. Nay I knew that mony thrown into the Sea, is as soon to be gotten again, as when 'tis given to a Woman.

Jac. In short *Sanco*, if you woud know her name, go to the neighbours houses, where you saw her go in, and I warrant you, they'l tell you that, and all else you have a mind to know.

San. I might have thought of that my self, and have sav'd the mony.

Jac. My Mistress and *Don Gusman* are come out of the Church, and are just upon parting; for your ears, and the sake of your dear Mustachoes, *Sanco*, never discover it was I that put you into the way of coming to the knowledge of us.

San. No, No.

Jac. Adieu. [*Exit.*

San. So, I have handsomely wheadled her, I think.

Enter Don Gusman *to* Sanco.

Gus. Well, how have you dispos'd of my Gold?

San. I'le assure you, Sir, I gave 'em her every one. You'd a sworn, if you had but seen how she then carried her self, that I had given her some offence, and had she not bethought her self that the mony of Persons of Quality is very lucky to her, she'd have done me the affront to have refus'd 'em.

Gus. What have you discover'd?

San. Nothing Sir for sake of your gold, she had sworn secresie, but for my sake she told me, if I'd but enquire of the Neighbours, I might know both her and her Mistress's Christen names, Sirnames, Quality, Condition, and what ever, I had a mind too.

Gus. I'le satisfie my curiosity with all expedition.

San. Here comes one has the countenance of an Informer.

Enter a Shopkeeper.

Guſ. Hark you, Friend.

Shop. Your Worſhips moſt humble—

Guſ. Are you an Inhabitant hereabouts?

Shop. At your ſervice Sir.

Guſ. who lives here in this Houſe?

Shop. Certainly Sir you are one that has not liv'd long in *Toledo*, that you are ignorant who that houſe belongs to.

Guſ. Prithee to, whom does it belong to?

Shop. To as worthy and gallant a Perſon as—— this day is in all *Spain*, the King excepted.

Guſ I doubt it not.

Shop. He is a little hot and haſty, old and teſty, but he lives not that has no fault.

Guſ. How he racks me with delay. But *I* ask thee what his name is?

Shop. Lord Sir you are much of his temper, you are the moſt impatient'ſt Gentleman. Why Sir, that is the houſe of the Count *de-Benevent*!

Guſ. The Count *de-Benevent*.

Shop. Yes Sir, and to let you ſee, that I know what *I* ſay, his name of baptiſm is *Alfonſo*. His ſirname *de Pimentel*. *Benevent* is the name of a Country, that brings him in twenty ſeven thouſand, nine hundred ſixty and fourteen duccates yearly Revenue. Where he has not only juriſdiction over his Vaſſals and Tenants for the preſervation and recovery of his Signieural Duties, but has alſo arbitrary power in all cauſes Criminal, except high Treaſon. As for the Children he is bleſt with, he has onely one Daughter, call'd *Octavia*, to whom *Don Diego de Stuniga*, Grand Alguazil to his Majeſty, and *Don Ruis de Moncade*, make their Addreſſes: and *Beatrice* is the name of her Woman, who is as inſeparable from her, as- as- as Sir any thing you can imagine.

Guſ. Stop thy Alarm, eternal Babler.

Shop. Lord Sir, if you had but let me have told you that I ſaw 'em go out early this morning together, and that they came home

home together, not half an hour ago, so closely vail'd that the Devil himself would have been plaguily puzl'd to have known 'em, and- and- and- I had done Sir.

Gus. Then begon, Sir.

Shop. Your servant, Sir.

Gus. The Devil go with you, Sir.

San. Hark you friend, of what Trade are you?

Shop. An Apothecary Signeor.

San. I thought so, you talk'd so like a Fool.

Gus. All circumstances agree to confirm me this was *Octavia*, this is her Father's House, she went out this morning, return'd an hour ago, my Servant follow'd her, and here she went in. I must now in right to friendship, cruelly stifle my birth of passion, slight her endearments, refuse her appointments, and shun the Caresses of a person, I find so obliging, and believe so excellent.

San. Sir, here comes *Don Ruis.*

Gus. Walk this way to avoid giving him suspition, that I have had any commerce with *Octavia*, Sirrah, leave your leering up at those windows.

San. O Sir, my neck is stiff, I can't so much as turn my head that way.

Enter Don Ruis.

Ruis. Don Gusman, which way lyes your business at present?

Gus. I was going home, in hopes to meet you there.

Ruis. I'le bear you company, word was brought me just now that my sister *Elvira* is come to town.

Gus. You tell me surprising news.

Ruis. I expected her coming, but was not certain this wou'd be the Day of her arrival.

Gus. I have heard she is a great beauty.

Ruis. Her vertue is greater than her beauty.

Gus. She is then an admirable Creature, for I have heard very great commendation of her beauty.

{ Beatrice *above at the Window make a sign to* Ruis *and withdraws.*

Ruis. Ha- *Beatrice* has given me the sign out of the Window,

This

This is the houſe of the Count *Benevent.* Let me deſire you to walk ſlowly forward, ſhe is coming down to ſpeak to me. I'le o're take you at the end of the ſtreet.

Guſ. I hope ſhe has not ſent her maid down to diſcover what ſhe commanded me to conceal.

[Guſ. San. *Exeunt.*

Enter Beatrice *below.*

Beat. O Sir, I have had a great mind to ſpeak with you. There has been a great falling out juſt now betwixt my Miſtreſs and your Rival. They are parted in anger, never to ſee one another more; this is the moſt favourable time that can be, to inſinuate your ſelf into her heart, you are already in her eſteem, ſhe has an opinion of you to be a Gallant man, and ſhe is one that cannot be long without a Gallant, and no doubt will ſooner make choice of you than another. Adieu Sir.

Ruis. Stay *Beatrice*, and take my thanks a long with you.

Beat. I ſhall be hang'd if I am ſeen. } Ruis *gives her money,* } Beat. *Exit.*

Ruis. How kind was fortune to direct me here to receive this good news.

Lovers whom fate does ſo ſeverely treat,
When they receive ſmall favours think 'em great. [Exit.

Act. III. Scene I.

Enter Don Ruis, Don Guſman, Elvira, *unvail'd.*

The Scene, a publick Garden.

Guſ. I Hope, Madam, you will be more favourable to a ſtranger, than to believe all that *Don Ruis* has told of me, to be truth.

Elv. It is ſo probable, that I can't i' th' leaſt doubt it.

Guſ. Believe it rather his rallery, or that I only entruſted him

him with an imaginary ſecret, to oblige him not to conceal from me all the true adventures that have hapn'd to him.

Ruis. No, *Don Guſman*, ſhe knows my way of rallery with my friends, is to ſurpriſe 'em with the diſcovery of ſuch harmleſs truths as theſe.

Elv. You are a Cavalier ſo accompliſh'd, that I queſtion whether there is e're a conſiderable fortune in all *Toledo* that ſhuns you. And I ſhoud be more ſurpris'd to hear that you had no Miſtreſs, in this ſhort time you have been here, than I am now, to underſtand that you have one.

Guſ. You may eaſily imagine what ſentiments one can have for an inviſible beauty.

Elv. I cannot imagine your motive to diſſemble it. Since Love is the moſt innocent diverſion, and the fitteſt imployment for ſo Gallant a perſon.

Ruis. It is the policy of a well bred Cavalier, in the preſence of a Lady, never to own his Love to another.

[Jac. *talks aſide with* Ruis.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. Sir, a Woman in a vail came juſt now to enquire for you, her earneſtneſs to ſpeak with you, made me imagine her buſineſs of importance, wherefore I brought her to the gate of the Walks, where ſhe waits to ſee you.

Ruis. Don Guſman, I'le wait on you preſently.

[Jac. Ruis *Exeunt.*

Elv. Is it Sir, as my Brother ſays, that you diſown your Love for this vail'd Lady, out of Galantry to me, or are you really not in Love.

Guſ. I believe my ſelf never to have been a Lover? But ſince I have had the honour of ſeeing you.

Elv. If I had thought to have procur'd to my ſelf this declaration, I woud not have complemented you upon the good fortune that has happen'd to you. Tho you woud not have me believe the laſt you met with. Yet your anſwer ſhews that you are too gallant not to be very happy.

Guſ. I muſt never own a happineſs from Love, till you believe your ſelf the author of that happineſs.

Elv. I am not ſo great an Enemy to my own repoſe to endeavour

vour a conqueſt, which will not be in my power long to maintain. And I woud little eſteem the ſubmiſſions of a heart ſo ſlippery as yours.

Guſ. Do you think, Madam, that one can get out of your Chains, as eaſily as he is fetter'd with 'em? and that it is poſſible for a heart to reſume its Liberty, after it has given it ſelf up to ſo great a merit.

Elv. You have ſaid as much to the obliging perſon that charm'd you laſt, and yet you wou'd be unfaithful to her, if you cou'd but find but any body to beſtow that heart on which you wou'd take away from her.

Guſ. If ſhe would have unvail'd, and I had found her face anſwerable to her ſhape, mein, and wit; this ſally of my heart could not have been without injuſtice, but now having ſeen you before her, your charms have not given me the liberty to wait till ſhe ſhews me hers, and if now I had the weakneſs to change, I ſhoud not be unfaithful to Her, but to you.

Enter Don Ruis.

Elv. I find, *Don Guſman* by his Wit has been converſant in all the gallantryes where ever he came. Tho I had the better cauſe, yet he ſtill got the advantage on his ſide. [*to* Ruis

Ruis. I am ſorry I miſſed the pleaſure of your diſcourſe, but now *Elvira*, whilſt you renew your acquaintance with the other Walks of the Garden, which ſince you have been abſent have received great alterations. I will conſult with *Don Guſman* in a ſmall affair of my own. [Elv. Jac. *Exeunt.*

Beatrice, from whom I receiv'd the good news I acquainted you with, has been with me again, to tell me what haſte then made her forget. That to morrow is her Miſtreſſes anniverſary birth day. And councels me to make an open profeſſion of my Love to *Octavia* in the gallantry of a ſerenade to night under her Window, according to the cuſtome of Lovers.

Guſ. I adviſe you to perſue the hint.

Ruis. In order to it I entreat from you the compoſition, of a Song whilſt I go and provide for the dance.

Guſ.

Gus. It wou'd now be injurious to your affairs to plead insufficiency, I will rather expose my ignorance than seem to want a will to serve you.

Ruis. I'le leave you here to the performance of what you undertake.

Gus. At your return you shall receive the fruits of my Meditation. [Ruis *exit.*

[Gusman *walks about as if he studied.*

Enter Elvira, Jacinta *vail'd*, Don Diego *persuing them.*

Dieg. Madam, it is in vain to shun me, where ever you Retire I'le persue you, speak to you, and upbraid you.

Gus. How Sir! persue her! speak to her! and upbraid her! In the presence of *Don Gusman de Haro* no Lady shall ever receive such affronts. And to this I'le not permit the thousandth part of that insolence.

Dieg. Tho she flies to my new Rival for protection, I will even in thy presence tell her, that she is a faithless woman; and on thee, that art the cause and author of her Infidelity, I will revenge it. [*Both draw and fight.*

Elv. Jac. Ah, ah, ah

Enter Don Ruis.

Ruis. My Friend engag'd against my Rival. Hold, hold.

[*They leave fighting.*

Don Gusman you must not take up my quarrel, it is my right to fight him. He is my Rival. [Ruis *offers to fight* Don Diego.

Gus. But in my presence he offer'd the affront to her, and it is my right. [*Offers to fight.*

Ruis. Hold, if he has affronted her *I* have a double right, yours is but single, therefore you must give way. } *Offers to fight thrusting* Gusman *aside.*

Gus. I'le not quit my claim. [*interposes again.*

} *They are struggling which shall fight with* Don Diego.

Enter Count de Benevent. *starts, and draws his Sword.*

Ben. Ha! Ods precious. Ods, ods amongst Cavaliers. Come, here's an old Cock of the Game at time of need will come in for a sparring blow with ye. [Ben. *sides with* Diego.

Gus. Sir, I except against your sword, in respect of your Age.

Ruis. And I muſt not engage mine in your defence that are the Parent of the fair *Octavia*, whoſe beauty renders her the Idol of my ſoul. Therefore we muſt defer our quarrel till ſome other time.

Ben. *Don Ruis* the word of a Cavalier ought to be inviolate, Ods precious, did I not promiſe you, on condition there might ariſe no quarrels betwixt you and *Don Diego*, that if he withdrew his pretentations to my Daughter, I wou'd next approve of yours, and yet you in prejudice of your word now take up the unjuſt quarrel of a Rival.

Ruis. Sir, the *Punctilio* of this quarrel is an affront offer'd my Siſter in preſence of my friend. Her outcryes call'd me to her aſſiſtance.

Guſ. He would preſs on her retirement.

Ben. Hau *Don Diego*, here ariſes another Punctilio. And you and I ſhall come roundly to't anon. Do you, *Don Diego*, before you have quitted your pretentions to my Daughter, make addreſſes to another. Ods precious, *Don Diego.*

[*Strokes up his Muſtachoes and Struts.*

Dieg. Sir, run not on in this miſtake. I thought the perſon I perſu'd had been the fair *Octavia*, and not his ſiſter.

Ben. There's my Punctilio gone agen. Ods precious, but how do I know this to be truth.

Dieg. Your Daughter and I parted in anger, and having notice given me ſhe was in the Walks, I reſolv'd to come and make my ſubmiſſions. When I enter'd the Garden, ſeeing that Lady pull down her Veil and retire from me as I came towards her, made me think 'twas ſhe, and her haſte to ſhun me confirm'd me beyond doubt. I follow'd her with reſolutions not to leave her till ſhe had had heard me ſpeak. This I hope Sir, makes my peace with you.

Ben. Live *Don Diego*, long grow your Muſtachoes. Ods precious, Cavaliers miſtakes are no Punctilioes you muſt be friends.

Dieg. Madam, I beg your pardon, and yours Sir, [*to* Guſ. And yours *Don Ruis*, for this error to the fair *Elvira*. But in the concern of Rival, to all I walk upright.

Ben. Ods precious, he's in th'right, there's the Punctilio on his ſide.

Elv.

Elv. Sir, I own it as your mistake and forgive it. And I know *Don Gusman* is so gallant, by following it to justifie my example. } *to* Don Diego.

Gus. I acknowledge *Don Diego* brave.

Ben. Ods precious, and so he is, and you *Don Ruis* shall have no farther resentments.

Ruis. I have forgotten it already.

Ben. By my Grandsire's soul and these Mustachoes, thou art a gallant fellow too. Ods precious, *Don Diego*, you and I will go together. [Ben. Dieg. *Exeunt.*

Gus. I'de be content to have a Rancountre ev'ry day for the diversion of so pleasant a reconciliation.

Ruis. This Count *Benevent* is a very worthy person. But the testyest little old gray-beard in all *Spain.*

Gus. I never met with such a hot spur, his humour is very pleasant.

Elv. Brother, I will cross the Walks, and make a visit to some Nuns of my acquaintance, in the Convent that joyns to the Garden.

Ruis. A Discreet Maid is always Mistress of her self.

[Elv. *Ja. Exeunt.*

Now I'le persue my design.

Gus. And I'le retire to a more private Walk.

[Ruis. Gus. *severally Exeunt.*

Enter Don Diego, Octavia, *unvail'd.*

Oct. You see Sir, how subject we are to mistakes. And one error still begets another.

Dieg. But I am not yet convinc'd that your going out so early was to the bath, or only thither. For the Vallet of *Don Gusman*, who follow'd you from the Church of St. *Dominic*, has discover'd an adventure which it may be was not less pleasing to you than the other.

Oct. I heard him babble indeed, and perceiv'd by his discourse that he was run into a mistake. Which occasion'd that in you, which made such a hurly burly in your brains. And I hate you so much for believing me guilty of what that Sot kept a prating, that all your endeavours and acknowledgements shall never perfect a reconciliation.

Dieg. You ought without difficulty to excuse a jealousie occasion'd by such convincing circumstances.

Oct. Convincing! Did he tell you my name? or if he had, I'le own no Lover but him, that will give the lye to a thouſand witneſſes, when I am tax'd. No Pretender to me ſhalldare believe any thing but his own eyes. And not all they inform him neither.

Dieg. A Love like mine, cannot but be ſubject to jealouſie. What is ſo dearly priz'd, we are ever in fear to loſe. Put your ſelf wholly into my poſſeſſion, that I may no longer be tormented with the fears of being depriv'd of you.

Oct. No, *Don Diego*, now you can no longer boaſt of your deſerting me, I'le depart with the honour of having left you; and whilſt I may, March off with flying colours.

Dieg. Yet a few minutes ſtay.

Octa. No, I will not endanger the loſs of a triumph, of which I am now certain.

Dieg. You know not the outrages of diſpair.

Octa. I know my own reſolutions.

Dieg. And I mine,

Octa. Adieu *Don Diego.* [*Turns back.*

You don't hinder me then from going? You would [*Ironicaly.*
not let me go, but that you know I'le return again. But think not I bid you adieu, as formerly for a ſhort time only. I bid you for ever adieu.

Dieg. Had you been a perfect Lover, you cou'd not have become ſo abſolute a Tyrant.

Enter Count de Benevent.

Ben. Come, come, come *Octavia*, Ods precious to morrow is a new day, fidle, fadle comes twice in a Moon. To be thus late a broad is no good punctilio in a Woman. Ods precious it grows late. *Don Diego* fare you well.

[*Count* Ben. *and* Octa. *exeunt.*

Dieg. She reſolves to maintain her conqueſt, as long as I did mine. But I perceive ſhe durſt not ſtay, fearing her hearts revolt, yet e're I ſleep, tho night comes on a pace, I'le make ſome progreſs towards a peace.

If e're like mine a Love ſhe entertain'd,
Sh' already gives the conqueſt ſhe has gain'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Guſman *reading in a Tablet.* Sanco.

San. Auh! he's here: That ſuch a gallant Perſon as my Maſter ſhould turn Ballad Maker, and that *Don Ruis* ſhould have ſuch a crochet in's pate to ſing 'em! How ſtrangely we commence our degrees in Love. Firſt it makes us Fools, then Madmen, then Poets, and our Wives as faſt as we marry make us Monſters, and then, like commencing Doctors, we wear the Badge of our Occupations.

Guſ. So. [*Looking off of his Book.*

San. Sir, *Don Ruis* ſent me to you for ſome Stanza's. I believe he meant a Ballad, Sir.

Guſ Do you think ſo Sir. There. Give that to him, and tell him, I compoſed them to the Tune that he is ſo much pleas'd with. Make haſte. } Guſ. *gives the Tablet to* Sanco.

San. Ay Sir. [Sanco *exit.*

Enter Jacinta *veil'd, pulls* Guſman *by the Sleeve as he is going off.*

Jac. Sir, Sir. } Jacinta *gives a Tablet book to* Guſman, *he opens it and reads.*

Guſ. reads. Sir, I will not fail to meet you to morrow at the ſame Church, where we made our firſt appointment, and at the ſame hour I will appear unveil'd, ambitious to ſubdue your heart, that the Glory of ſo noble a Conqueſt may add to the triumphs of my Eyes. *Your Unknown.*

I am ſtill of opinion that I receive theſe invitations from the Miſtreſs of my Friend: hearing of our quarrel, ſhe had the knowledge of my being here. Since I have ſeen the Charms of the Fair *Elvira*, I can at leaſt with more eaſe be juſt to my Friend. I will return my anſwer in writing on the other ſide of the Leaf. [Guſ. *writes in the Tablet.*

So! Return that to the Lady. [Guſ. *exit.*

Enter Elvira, *turns up her Veil as ſhe enters.*

Elv. Give it me *Jacinta*, I have an impatient deſire to know his anſwer. [Elvira *takes the Tablet and reads.*

Madam, my paſſions are grown ſo extream violent, ſince laſt I had the honour to diſcourſe with you, that I find it will not be ſafe truſting your ſelf with me. For ſhould you give denial to

my requeſt, how extravagant ſoever, I ſhould attempt ſomething in prejudice of your honour and my own. Therefore whilſt I am yet capable of reſpect, I requeſt you not to come in my way. For this reaſon I refuſe to meet you, and beſeech you not to honour me any further than with your eſteem. Adieu.

Elv. O *Jacinta* he knows my heart already. This anſwer is pen'd word for word to my deſires. I fear'd the declaration of his love had been but expreſſions of gallantry, but this refuſal to meet his veild unknown, gives me at once a proof both of his love and conſtancy.

Jac. In this trial you dangerouſly expos'd the quiet of your mind, tho not love, yet curioſity might have led him to a further progreſs in this adventure.

Elv. Great gains are not purchas'd without great hazards. Come, I can now without fear let looſe my heart, and give it a full range in the walks of love.

'Till we have proof a Lover will be juſt
Our ſatisfactions leſſen'd by miſtruſt.

[Elv. Jac. *exeunt.*

Enter Don Diego, Ordgano *with their Swords in their hands. Flambeaux, and Muſick: the Muſick is plac'd under* Octavia's *Window.*

The Scene changes to the Street before Count Benevents *Houſe.*

A SONG.

I.

HE's a flegmatick Lover
In whom we diſcover
A temper that never do's change,
A breaſt that like mine with jealouſie burns,
Now Love and now Anger poſſeſs it by turns.
With fears I grow wild, and with hopes I grow tame.
That paſſion is weak, that is always the ſame.
With fears, &c.
That Paſſion, &c.

But

2.

But the sanguine brisk Lover
Can never give over.
He cannot be dully at rest.
He knows that her charms have conquer'd yet more,
That many there are, who do sigh and adore.
He trusts not to merit to give him success,
For women love only by fancy and guess.
Or if to desert by great chance they prove kind,
The Fair still are fickle, and oft change their mind.

3.

Oh the starts of a Lover
Do plainly discover
The passion he feels is extream!
For he that loves well, and does not possess,
Must either be jealous, or else love you less.
Then say not my fears, or my doubts do you wrong,
He cannot be quiet, who's passion is strong.
Small fires but glow, and are always the same,
But the greater will rage, and will scatter their flame.

The Song ended a Cerebrand is danc'd: as the dance ends, musick is heard without.

Ordg. Heark.

Dieg. More Musick! put out your Lights, and range your selves under the window.

Enter Don Ruis, Sanco *in cloaks with Swords in their hands,* *Flambeux, Musitianers,* Dancers.

Dieg. Who goes there?
Ruis. Who's there?
Dieg. Pass.
Ruis. Play musick.

Dieg.

Deig. Guards. [*The lights and Muſick of both run away: they claſh in the dark, loſe one another,* Don Ruis, Ordgano, *fight retreating.* Sanco *ſtands muſ'd in's cloak, trembling and poaking all the while with his* Sword *in his Scabbard.*

Ruis. They have quitted their Station. Who's there?

[Ruis *returning touches* Sanco *with his* Sword.

San. Oh, Oh.

Ruis. Sanco.

San. Don Ruis. O Sir, are you alive?

Ruis. And ſo art thou.

San. Aye Sir, and as whole as a Fiſh. A pox on't, I could not get my Sword out.

Ruis. We have made them quit their poſt.

San. Ay Sir, We are Maſters of the field.

Ruis. Run after the lights and Muſick, and bid 'em turn again. [Sanco *goes to the other ſide of the* Stage.

Ruis. This muſt be *Don Diego*, upon the ſame deſign.

San. Here, here, the days our own. Come again Cowards, come again.

Ruis. Do you ſee 'em?

San. They were all yonder in the next Porch, they are coming Sir.

Enter Lights, Muſick, Dancers.

Ruis. In order- Muſick begin.- [*a flouriſh of Muſick*

A SONG.

AH Celia, *what powerful charms have you,*
That with a look could ſo my heart ſubdue?
And at firſt ſight impoſe a Law on me;
Againſt my fundamental liberty?
I look'd, and Lov'd! O! fatal was that day!
I look'd, until I look'd my heart away.
I look'd, and lov'd, &c.
I look'd until, &c.

And

And yet upon your brow you wore a frown,
What wou'd ſereneneſs then, and ſmiles have done?
In vain in vain, we boaſt a free born Soul,
When Beauty can ſo eaſily controul;
When every glance does liberty expoſe,
And with a look we native freedome loſe.
When every, &c.
And with, &c.

You bid me now reſume my liberty,
Alas I cannot, if I wou'd be free:
Should Fate the unwiſh'd power beſtow, yet ſtill,
Having that power I ſhould want the will.
Where Love ſo abſolute a Monarch reigns,
They court their fetters, and grow proud of Chains.
Since you with ſcorn and frowns can conquer ſo,
Ah try what Miracles your ſmiles wou'd do.

[*The Song ended: a dance*

At the end of the dance enter Diego, Ordgano, *and more Servants, all with their Swords and lights.*

Dieg. Fall on.
San. Stand to your Arms. [Sanco *runs away.*
[*Muſick and Lights exeunt.*
Dieg. So we have regain'd the field. { Don Ruis *fights retreating.*

Enter Count de Benevent *with a ſword in his hand, in a Cap and Night Gown, and his Muſtachoes in a Caſe and Servants with Lights.*

Ben. Ods precious, *Don Diego*, I approve not theſe nocturnal follies, why muſt I be alarm'd out of my Bed, and the whole neighbourhood be diſturb'd? Ods precious, *Don Diego.*
[Octa. Beat. *above at the Window.*
Dieg. Pray hear me Sir.
Ben. Ods precious, *Don Diego*, I tell you 'tis no good punctilio to proclaim my Daughter to the whole town, by your te-

nebrious exploits. Ods precious, I like not she shou'd be made the subject of publick discourse.

Dieg. Sir, I beg your pardon that ——

Ben. Ods precious, pardon's an Ass, and I ride my Mule. *Don Diego* this punctilio quadrate's with my judgment, you must pretend no more to my Daughter; ne're more come near my House. Ods precious, if I catch you within my Doors 'twill be an affront to my Mustachoes, farewel Sir.

Dieg. I hope Sir.

Ben. What, that I'le tell a Lye: Ods precious such another hope, and you and I will crack a punctilio together. [*Exit.*

Beat. Now he's he gone in Madam.

Oct. *Don Diego*, what's the matter?

Dieg. 'Tis no hard thing to ghess the matter when Rivals meet.

Oct. I hope you have not reciev'd harm.

Dieg. I doubt not but your hopes are as obliging to my new Rival, that gave you this cerenade. I question not but you'l be glad of so fair a pretence as the authority of a father to justifie your forsaking me.

Oct. We'l *Don Diego* ——

Enter Count de Benevent.

Ben. Well *Don Diego*. Ods precious but I say 'tis not well *Don Diego*. You shall find it ill done *Don Diego*, ah.

{ Ben. *draws upon* Don Diego, *who retreates only defending himself.*

There's a Punctilio for him, now I shall exchange another with you, Mistress Mag-pye, that are chattering above, and change your Cage for you. Ods precious, Girls talking gibberish out at a Window.

Women in Love count these things peccadilloes;
But, Ods precious I'le make her mind her punctilio's.

[Exeunt.

ACT.

Act. IV. Scene I.

The Scene; the Street before Count de Benevents *House.*

Enter Don Ruis, Sanco.

Ruis. *Sanco* walk in sight of that window, and if you see e're a Woman look out, shew her that Note, and becken her down to receive it.

San. How then Sir?

Ruis. She will return an answer either in writing or by word of mouth: mind what she sayes to you, and bring me an exact account.

San. I know Sir, it is not manners to question our betters. But it is so material, when one is to deliver an answer, to know where you will be.

Ruis. You shall find me here in the Church, with your Master and *Elvira.*

San. But Sir, not knowing me, suppose she shou'd refuse to come down.

Ruis. It is because you are not known here that I ask'd *Don Gusman* leave to imply you in this affair. I would otherwise have entrusted it with one of my own servants.

San. Sir, I am known here.

Ruis. Thou known here *Sanco*? how came your acquaintance and with whom.

San. I had like to have made a discovery.
Why Sir, ever since last night that I was here with you. No doubt they to oknotice of me out at Window.

Ruis. No, 'twas dark, and you had a cloak on, they'l not know you again.

San. Sir, I must beg leave to be once more unmannerly. Pray Sir, here being no superscription upon this Note, what is the name of the person to whom I am to deliver it.

Ruis. Her Name is *Beatrice*, she is servant to the Lady

whom we Cerenaded laſt Night.

San. Cerenade ay, you ſhall Cerenade by your ſelf next time. Love gallanties were never fortunate to me.

Ruis. If any one of Count *de Benevents* houſe, queſtion you, ſay you are Kinſman to *Beatrice.*

San. I can tell that lye without ſcruple, for ſhe and I are brother and ſiſter by occupation.

Ruis. Be ſure you forget not one ſyllable of her anſwer.

San. Look you Sir, I'le be picking my ears all the while I am here Eves dropping; that I may the better hear every word ſhe ſayes.

Ruis. So, now go forward. [*Ruis Exit.*

San. Little thinks *Don Ruis*, how well I am acquainted with *Beatrice*, if I had unluckily diſcover'd my Maſters mornings ramble, and his Miſtreſs early devotion, I ſhould have ſet the devil upon his Gallop indeed. The door opens- I'le abſcond.

Enter as out of his houſe into the ſtreet, Count de-Benevent, Pedro.

Ben. Ods precious, *Pedro*, how thou haſt, put my Cloak on.

Ped. I'le mend it Sir.

Ben. Ods precious, a new Cloak want mending.

Ped. Set it right, *I* meant Sir.

{ Pedro *goes to make his Cloak hang right and touches his his ruff.* Benev. *falls a jumping.*

Ben. O *Sant Jago!* *Sant Jago!* Thou diſorderest my Ruff. Ods precious varlet am *I* to ſee the King in a rumpl'd Ruff.

Ped. Sir now it is well.

Ben. Ods Precious well, when *I* ſay it is ill, art thou upon thy Punctilio's with me. [*looks on his Watch.* Ods Precious, 'tis almoſt nine a Clock. Come, Come, he that will thrive at Court muſt riſe betimes. *Dios nos guarda.*

[Ben. Ped. *Exeunt.*

San. What a teſty old Waſp was this, *I'd* ſooner be valet to his Mule, and venture to have my brains courteouſly knock'd out with a compliment, when he's ſo civil to make legs backward, than walk behind him, whilſt he has that long ſting at his tayl.

But

But now the Weezel's gone, methinks the Rabbets shou'd be peeping out of their boroughs, Auh. *I* see that which *I* look for: mumping already, ist- ist- Auh, there's the courteous dop, and the significant Nod, she's gone from the window and is coming down to me. I'le go into the Court and meet her.

{ Beatrice *looks out at Window.* Sanco *shews the Letter. She curteses, nods, claps to the window.*

Enter Diego.

Dieg. Ha! There's that Fellow again upon some design. I'le follow him. [*Exit.*

Enter Beatrice, Sanco.

Beat: Well Sir! what have you to say to me now.

San. Nothing not I. There [*Holds a Letter to her.*

Beat. What's this?

San. Let it speak for himself.

Beat. From whom comes it?

San. Read and learn.

Beat. You are very short.——

San. And you very inquisitive.——

Beat. It behoves me to ask.

San. And me to say nothing.

Enter Diego.

Dieg. I'le try to hear their discourse [*slipes behind 'em.*

Beat. But I'le first know from whom it comes before I bestow the pains to read it.

Sanc. *I* was commanded to deliver it barely and simply to you. And will not go beyond my order, there if you will take it you may.

{ Diego *steals behinde* Sanco, *and snatches the Letter from him.*

Dieg. If you wont, here's one that will.

San. He chop'd as sure as a Dog at a Shoulder of Mutton.

Dieg. *I*'le read it without so much ceremony.

San. Sir, you are a very courteous Person, and now *I* have delivered it safe into your hands, *I*'le take my leave.

Dieg. Stay Friend, till I have read it, it may require an answer.

{ Diego *treads on* Sanco's *foot whilst he reads the Letter, who is often itching to be gone.*

Diego reads. *I* have followed your counsel and what ever ad-

vantage *Don Diego* pretends to have had in the Rancountre. Yet be assur'd, tho overpower'd by his numbers, *I* retreated more like a respectful Lover, than a cowardly Rival; make haste to let me profit by his misfortunes, and fail not to acquaint me with what happen'd after I withdrew.

San. Now it will do you no further service, Sir, be pleas'd to return it to me again.

Dieg. No Sir, but *I'le* be so civil to my Rival to pay Portage. [Diego *canes* Sanco.

San. O hold, hold Sir, hold, hold, *I* am satisfi'd.

Dieg. But *I* am not satisfi'd.

San. Hold Sir, *I* will give you what satisfaction you please.

Beat. Ah you Coward! What do you wear a Sword for?

San. Hold your tongue Huswife, or *I'le*, have you up before the *Inquisition* for provoking me to wrath.

Beat. Away you Sot.

San. *I* have been at my Prayers this Morning, *I* do the work of a good Christian, bear afflictions patiently; besides *I* have such a respect for so brave a Cavalier, that if it be for his satisfaction, he shall beat me twice as much.

Dieg. *I* beat you less for your own sake, for undertaking this piece of service, than out of respect to *Don Gusman*. Tell him *I* have sent an answer. Bid him read it upon your back.

San. 'Tis but a very scurvy Character.

Dieg. If you think it is not writ plain enough, *I'le* try to mend it with a second *Impression*.

San. No Sir, *It* is all plain to be read, as Holy-dayes in the Calender. *It's* in red Letters. Your Servant. [Sanco *Exit*.

Enter Octavia.

Octa, *Don Diego*, *I* saw you from my window discoursing with *Beatrice*, and thence did conclude, that you knew my Father was abroad.

Dieg. Yes Madam, *I* met him.

Octa. Knowing you have ever been respectful to my Fathers Orders, and therefore wou'd not transgress them, how severe so ever, and that *I* could not invite you in, but with an absolute breach of my duty, *I* therefore came down to you, to let you know, that his severity and ill treatment of you

you, has mov'd me to much concern for you; and has reviv'd in my heart the same kind sentiments it had before your provocations.

Dieg. *Is* this to me Madam!

Oct. *I* had not so soon forgiven you, but by my kindness to make satisfaction for the injuries you receiv'd from his ruff treatment last night.

Dieg. Pray go on.

Oct. I have already endeavour'd to appease my fathers displeasure, and doubt not but e're night do induce him to revoke his prohibition.

Dieg. Perfidious Woman, how customary is it for you to frame impostures, That are aforehand thus prepar'd with such notorious ones.

Oct. The strangeness of your reply so much surprises me, I know not what answer to make on the sudden.

Dieg. Go ungrateful! Make answer to that Letter, which *Don Guzman* has sent you, and which you have not the pleasure to read, but after my perusal. [Diego *throws the Letter to her.*

Oct. You amaze me yet more, take it up *Beatrice.*

Dieg. Far from the flattering hopes you have given him of profiting by my misfortunes, *I* shall by his recieve advantage; since, *I* escape one so perfidious, that on the least occasion will sacrifice his interest to another, as you have done mine to him. } *Beat. Takes it up, Octa. reads whilst* Diego *talks.*

Oct. *Beatrice*, from whom came this note? who receiv'd it? and from whom?

Beat. Madam, *I* neither know the Messenger, nor him that sent it, and for that reason refus'd to receive it, and if he had not dealt so ill with the Messenger, 'tis probable he would have given an account from whom he brought it. *I* deny'd to take it, and *Don Diego* snatch'd it out of his hand.

Dieg. Both the Mistress and the Servant act their parts most exactly well. For all that fereness of your countenance *I* perceive the disturbance in your mind, that artificial calm both in your looks and words is too thin a varnish to gloss over the perfidiousness of your heart.

Oct.

Oct. Tho fierceness is usually inseparable from innocence, yet *I* will now constrain my self to wave it. And without passion tell you, that *I* have no pretenders besides *Don Ruis* and your self. This *Don Gusman*, whom you inform me sent this note, is a stranger, and one *I* never spoke to, never have *I* so much as seen him

Dieg. Do's not this Letter own a commerce betwixt you? do's he not say he follow'd your counsel? That he is your Lover, and my Rival?

Oct. Am not *I* to be credited sooner than a Letter without a name to't?

Dieg. We may constrain our selves not to believe great presumptions. But not to credit such convincing proofs is impossible. Therefore keep back the heart you come to restore, mine from this hour shakes off your Bonds, and that you may not again enslave it, this day *I* will put it under the protection of one who is at least as fair as you, But questionless will not be so perfidious.

Oct. *I* doubt not but you may bestow your heart on a fairer person, but with all your precaution, you cannot make choice of one more faithful. But do not fondly believe *I* tell you this becaus *I* fear to lose you. *I* less concern my self to regain a place in your heart, than to discover the state of mine, which is well enough pleas'd not to discend to a justification.

Dieg. The mistery of the Cerenade and Letter is not so hard to unridle, as you woud make me believe by an absolute denyal of all: if you had said you knew of the Cerenade, but coud not help it, that you receiv'd his Love Letters but return'd no answer, that he made himself my Rival but had no encouragement, you had seem'd to disapprove what you had done by being willing to excuse it; but not to acknowledge any thing is to confess your self criminal in all, and this assurance which you discover in your obstinate disowning my accusations, shews the pleasure you have taken to offend me. Thus having made you sensible that *I* am not ignorant, nor you innocent, *I*'le leave you to sollace your self in the repose of your new conquest. [*Dieg. Exit*

Oct. Beatrice I perceive well enough that you hold intelligenc

gence with *Don Ruis*, but in so critical a conjucture, I forbore to acknowledge it. Follow me up to my Chamber, and there resolve to make a full discovery or depart from me, and my eternal hatred be your stipend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Gusman, Don Ruis, Elvira, Sanco, *and* Jacinta, *out of the Church. Into the same street before Count* Benev. *house.*

Ruis. How? In what manner did he beat you?

San. In the best manner he coud, without doubt. The gallant person who diverted himself at my expence, made a shift to make my back, and his Cane meet some halfe a Score times.

Gus. You told him you belong'd to me, and the offended *Don Diego* retains a grudge since our last quarrrel, and consider'd thee accordingly.

San. No Sir, he told me that I belong'd to you, and without any consideration at all, loaded my back with his salutes, and sent me to you greeting ——

Ruis. Are you sure you understood him right, did he name *Don Gusman*, and then say you belong'd to him.

San. Nay Sir, I believe he took me for an arrant blockhead as you do, because he took such pains to beat it into me.——

Elv. By his usage of *Sanco* and his Message, he takes you for his Rival.

San. Without doubt he takes him for his Rival, and it is as the most humble Vallet of his Rival, that I have been regal'd so plentifully.

Ruis. When you saw how he woud use you, you shou'd have told him from whom the note had come.

San. What had I gain'd by that, for besides that you had forbidden me. I shou'd only have changed my Master, not the imployment, and since I cou'd not escape beating, what matter was it for whose sake I had been beaten.

Gus. I will find time, to return *Don Diego* thanks, for his Message.

Ruis. Since it was to his Rival that he meant the affront, it is I that am to take an account of his actions.

Gus. I may be his enemy without being his Rival. He not

 content

count to declare himſelf mine, has by his ill uſage of one that he knew belong'd to me, has nam'd me for fear he ſhou'd doubt it, I ſtand in honour oblig'd to take notice of the affront.

Elv. I fear the event of this —— [Elv. *Aſide*

Ruis. If I had not written the Note, *Don Diego* and you wou'd in probability never have had any more concern. Beſides *Sanco* at that time belong'd not to you, but to me, ſince you were pleas'd to make me Maſter of him, and he was imploy'd in my buſineſs. So whether in concern of his Rival, or in conſideration of his Maſter, he gave *Sanco* the beating, it is to me only that the affront was done,

San. It was an affront to both, therefore the beſt way to revenge it, is for one to ſet upon him before, whileſt the other attaques him behind.

Elv. In my judgement you are both too nice to interpret an affront from a gentlemans ill treatment of a Servant, when the Maſter is not in preſence. A Servants ſawcineſs oftentimes deſerves it.

Ruis. I do not make a poſitive concluſion that I am oblig'd to reſent it, but only ſuppoſing it an affront, that it concerns not *Don Guſman*, but me to revenge it.

Elv. I hope neither of you will think your ſelves ſo far concern'd as to heighten it to a quarrel.

Ruis. Elvira, let not any ſuch fears diſquiet you. *Don Guſman*, how do you diſpoſe of your ſelf the reſt of this morning?

Guſ. I am now going to Court.

Ruis. I'le wait on you thither After I have conducted *Elvira* home. ——

Elv. I will return into the Church, and pray Heaven to avert your minds from ſuch reſolutions

[Guſ. Ruis. Sanco, *Exeunt.*

Jac. Give me my Vail, now put on your own. Inſtead of the Church, I will go to *Don* Diego's houſe, and endeavour that way to prevent a quarrel, which elſe I ſee will follow, by my Brothers ſmoothing over his mind. Go *Jacinta*— Ring at his Door.

Enter Ordgano.

Ja. Signior, is *Don Diego* within.

Ord.

Ordg. Yes.

Elv. I would speak with him, if he be at leasure.

Ordg. A Cavaliere is alwayes at leasure to receive the visits of the fair. Be pleas'd to walk in Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Diego *walking about in a fume. The Scene a Room in's House.*

Dieg. False beyond thy Sex! *In* cunning more artificial than the most practiced of thy kind in Sin. Gods, shall my revenge persue her, or her Lover. Where shall it begin, or beginning, where must it end.

Enter Ordgano, Elvira *at a distance.*

Ordg. Sir, here is a fair Person come to give you a visit.

Dieg. If she be fair, she's faithless too.

Ordg. There, Madam, is my Master.

Elv. Don Diego, I desire the liberty to say something to you, that none shou'd be witness of, but my self.

Dieg. Ordgano quit the Room.

Elv. Stay, be pleas'd to command him too, that while I am with you to tell every body that shall come to visit you, that you are not within; for it much concerns me not to be surpris'd with you.

Dieg. I charge you not to let any one come in, who ever it be: Go. [Ordg. *exit.*

Elv. Sir, the occasion of this visit, is to let you understand, that one action of yours this morning has procur'd you two enemies; both which have a design at your life, and either of them is brave enough to make you stand in need of all your valour.

Dieg. I ghess the Enemies you mean are *Don Ruis* and *Don Gusman.*

Elv. The same Sir, tho the fate of arms shou'd give you advantage over one, yet you are not in safety, whilst the other has his blood to spill; and the second may do what the first faild in.

Dieg. I neither doubt their courage nor my own. The most brave is not sure of success.

Elv. To avoid the mischief, absent your self two or three dayes out of Town. In which time I will so qualifie things,

that there ſhall be no prejudice to your honour.

Dieg. Quit the Town Madam for a quarrel! No.

Elv. If the Love you have for the fair *Octavia* makes you find any difficulty in abſence, let your ſervants onely give out you are gone ſome little journey: But eſpecially let me beg the favour of you not to be ſeen to day.

Dieg. I wiſh, with a blind obedience, I could acknowledge the honour you do me in the care you take of my ſafety. But far from avoiding my enemies, honour obliges me to prevent their inquiry by my preſence.

Elv. Yes, had you a ſingle enemy, but you have two?

Dieg. If Madam, for me you have this fear, I adviſe you to quit it. For the danger is not ſo great as you imagine, tho the odds be ſo. My enemies being valiant, they will without doubt be as generous.

Elv. If your honour obliges you to accept the combat, the intereſt of your Miſtreſs forbids it. Do you think ſhe can approve of divulging ſo nice a ſecret, and if you love her as ſhe deſerves, wou'd it not be better to make a ſacrifice of your fame to her, than to have the diſpleaſure of expoſing hers?

Dieg. I ſhould be much troubled, if it ſhould coſt me my own reputation to be ſparing of anothers, whoſe intereſt I am no longer oblidg'd to. But if in obeying you, I ſhou'd be aſſur'd to do you a ſervice; ſo pleaſant a conſideration, might make me forget what I owe my ſelf.

Elv. Since neither the care of your ſelf, nor the conſideration of a perſon for whom you are oblig'd to have the greateſt eſteem in the world will induce you to comply. Know too, you will render me the greateſt ſervice imaginable, For as a ſecret I tell it you, that one of your two enemies is my Lover, the event of this quarrel muſt either way be unfortunate. If you conquer, death deprives me of him, if he vanquiſh you, I loſe him in his flight.

Dieg. This is the real cauſe you require my abſence?

Elv. It is. Truſt me with your honour a few dayes, and I will render it back bright as it is, with a full aſſurance of your ſafety.

Dieg. Your Love ſhall ever be a ſecret, but as to the reſt, it is

is impossible to give you an absolute satisfaction. All that *I* can do to serve you, is to constrain my resentment to *Don Guſman* for he (doubtless) is the gallant person, that has the honour to please you. *I* must not flie his presence, but at all times that he shall speak to me as a gallant person ought to do, he shall find, that *I* know in what manner to answer him.

Enter Octavia, Ordgano.

Ordg. Madam, let me first acquaint my Master. } *Speaks as*
I am strictly charg'd to the contrary. } *they enter.*

[Octavia *steps behind* Diego. *pulls down her Veil.*

Octa. Whence is't, that *Ordgano* treats me to day after this strange manner? and that— [*Spies* Octavia.
I humbly beg your pardon Madam, *I* did not know that *Don Diego* was so agreeably taken up. *I* had not quarrel'd with his Servant, if *I* had known the ground of his Orders. *I* thought they had proceeded onely from the ill humour of his Master.

Dieg. Do you Madam by way of reprisal, give me a visit to quarrel with me.

Octa. *I* came to clear your mistakes, and to tell you what *I* have learn'd of the Letter and Serenade. But at present you are not in a condition to hear me, and though you woud be in the humour to afford me your attention, *I* should not be so disobliging to interrupt the pleasure you receive with Madam — whose conversation questionless will be more charming, than any thing *I* have to say.

Elv. The compliment you make me wou'd be the beginning of a quarrel, if *I* should answer it in the same obliging manner. But *I* deceive my self, or the most agreeable one *I* can make you, is to quit the place, where you are not infinitely pleas'd to see me, *I* will. Madam, and advise you not to discompose your Spirits, with imagining *I* intend to advantage my self by the divorce betwixt you and your Lover. Madam your Servant. Adieu.

Dieg. Madam, *I'*le wait on you down. [Elv. Dieg. *exeunt.*

Re-enter Ordgano.

Dieg. Well Madam, what is it you have to acquaint me with?

Oct. Nothing! but that you are very diſobliging not to let me ſee the charming perſon to whom you have given the heart you found me not worthy of. If not out of good nature, you ſhou'd have don't for revenge, if ſhe was fair, and I had ſeen that her beauty had juſtified her revolt, the ſight muſt needs have rais'd a ſecret ſpight in my heart, I ſhou'd preſently have fallen ſick, and in a ſhort time dy'd with grief for the loſs of you. There had you r revenge been compleated, *Don Diego.*

Dieg. Oh Heavens! Madam, that a perſon ſo witty as you believe your ſelf, ſhou'd endeavour to get clear of a Treachery whereof you are convicted, by imputing one to me, of which there is ſo little appearance. I wiſh it was as eaſie for you to convince me, you never had a kindneſs for *Don Guſman*, as it for me to juſtifie, that I never yet have ſeen the face of that Lady you talk off.

Oct. And Oh Heavens! Sir, for a man ſo witty as you believe your ſelf too, to think you can perſwade me out of my ſenſes, why was your Sentinel ſet at door, contrary to your cuſtome, but for fear of being ſurpris'd, which ſhews you were afraid of the preſence of ſome body whom you were unwilling ſhould ſee her. Why this precaution if the perſon was unknown to you?

Dieg. I ſee, Madam, I was not to blame for asking you when you came in, if you were not come to quarrel, I find you are glad of any pretence that you make uſe of ſuch a ſlight one.

Oct. You woud not have foreſeen that you ſhoud have been quarrell'd with, if you had not known your ſelf guilty enough to occaſion it. And but for your miſtruſtfulneſs I had not accus'd you of any thing.

Dieg. You wou'd not have wanted a pretence, tho you had found none; that came deſignedly for that purpoſe.

Oct. I came thinking to do you a kindneſs. To tell you that *Don Guſman* was not the man that gave me the Cerenade. That the Letter, which put you into ſuch a pelt, came from another. I wou'd have told you likewiſe the name of your Rival, whoſe gallantry laſt night claſh'd with yours, and to have left you no ſcruple, I'de have told you too, who has been falſe to us both; how all this came about, and laſt of all, how I came to the diſcovery

covery. But since you have made a new conquest, the knowledge of this will be very indifferent to you, and I shall now spare my self the trouble,

Dieg. You may spare the labour Madam, if you think, as you your self said just now, to perswade me out of my senses. Was then the Cerenade last night, the servant this morning, and the Letter he brought, all but visions ? Was you not follow'd from Church by *Don Guſman's* servant ? Was it not the same person that brought the Letter ? Were not the contents, that he follow'd your Counsel, that he was my Rival, and conjur'd you to hasten your promise ? After this shall I not believe *Don Guſman* is the man ? Shall all be Vision both by Night and by Day?

Oct. Answer me, Sir, I pray, to find a Lady in your Chamber, to force by a Sentinel, set to forbid entrance, to see you all confus'd at the surprise I gave you by pressing in ; to hear your new Mistress talk of a divorce betwixt you and me, which was a secret, she cou'd not know, but from you alone ; and lastly, to see you rather play the ridiculous person, then let slip any occasion to offend me, and to conduct a stranger down Stairs in the presence of one you knew, whom you left without the least civility of excuse.- answer me you that are so skilful in visions, if this be one, shall I be made believe that you know not this person, never saw her face, shall this pass for truth, or shall it all be vision, vision.

Dieg. I have already told you, that the Lady you ground your anger on is an absolute stranger, that I have no manner of knowledge either of her name or person, I neither ask'd to see one, or hear the other.

Oct. I have told you as much of *Don Guſman*, that I never had seen him, spoken to him, or receiv'd Letters from him, and yet you wou'd not believe me, tho you never found him in my Chamber. But *Don Diego*, after such evidences as I have receiv'd it befits not a man of good sense so grosly to impose on a person that hath either eyes or ears. And you'd have done better to have said, that you cou'd not hinder a Lady so accomplish'd and beautiful, to have an inclination for you, that 'twou'd not have been like a gallant soul, to deny her entrance into your house,

house, when she came on purpose, to honour you with her visits. But that you receive them out of complaisance; that in your passion some words slipt from you of our falling out. But not to be willing to own any thing is to acknowledg your self guilty of all, and your obstinate denyal of your crime is a proof that you are not sorry for't. Adieu my Dear Lover, that has found a new Mistress full as fair, but questionless not half so false as the old, peaceably enjoy your new conquest and let there be no more Sentinels at your door, if I am the only person you are afraid off. [*Exit.* Oct.

Dieg. So, now has fortune given her the run of the dice, she is march'd off as she thinks victorious, with an absolute belief that she has foyl'd me with my own weapon. Now will she conclude that she has all the reason of the World not to own any thing of her own crimes, unless I will acknowledge my self guilty of the like. And so stand in as much need of her pardon as she of mine. Thus she sells me at her pleasure.

Enter Ordgano.

Ordg. Sir, there is a Gentleman without that woud not send in his Name desires to speak with you. But by his attendant it shou'd be *Don Gusman*, if *Sanco* bely'd not his Masters Name. [*Exit.*

Dieg. Wait him in. I believe the business he comes about, will suit well with my present temper.

Enter Don Gusman.

Gus. Sir, I come to demand satisfaction for the affronts done me, I need not repeat more of 'em, then when I tell you, you took a Letter out of my servants hand by violence, broke it open and read it. Your usuage to him and your message to me you cannot have forgetton.

Dieg. Enough —— I own ev'ry tittle of your accusations! Now? Perfidious Woman wast thou but present, to hear thy obstinate denyals confuted by his own mouth. Sir, I am only sorry that you have so far gotten the start of me, to be the inviter. Now to tell my injuries woud be superfluous and loss of time. I will therefore with a ready complyance to your demand, wipe off as much as I can of my past remisness. Sir, I am ready to wait on you. *aside.*

Gus.

Gus. If we are seen together it may cause suspitions in some Persons, if they should meet us. Wherefore that nothing may hinder our design, nominate a place fit for such a rancountre, and we'l part at the door and go several wayes.

Dieg. At the Grove of *Pines*.

Gus. I know it, and will meet you there. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in the Street Don Gusman, Don Diego, Ordgano, Sanco.

Gus. Sanco return to Court, and stand in the Lobby, till you see *Don Ruis* coming by, tell him I accidentally lost his company, and urgent affairs prest me to be gone without allowing me time to take my leave.

San. Yes Sir.

Gus. What makes thee look so pale and tremble?

San. I-I- got cold Sir last night with Serenadeing, and have a fit of an Ague, I think.

Gus. Go, go, walk it off.

Dieg. Ordgano, Stir not from home till you hear from me, be diligent in your duty.

Gus. Sir, your Servant. [Dieg. Gus. *exeunt.*

Ordg. Country, Country.

San. Ah Lord let me alone.

Ordg. What's the matter? you look as if you were not well, Country.

San. Oh, my heart akes.

Ordg. You tremble.

San. Woud not any one tremble at the wickedness that your Master and mine are gone about?

Ordg. Why! what's the matter?

San. After my Master went in, I had a Fools curiosity to hearken to their discourse, I laid my ear close to the door, and heard 'em talk a company of idle words. As injuries, grievances, affronts, and satisfaction.

Ordg. They are gone to fight then.

San. *Don Gusman* all the way we came mutter'd the Devils *Pater noster* to himself.

Ordg. 'Tis so, their parting at door was but cunning.

San. Ay Lord, to see how cunning men are to go to the Devil.

Ordg. I'le after 'em, but ſtay: whither is't they are gone?

San. 'Twas to a Grove.

Ordg. The Grove of *Pines.*

San. Ay, ay, that.

Ordg. I'le after 'em with all ſpeed, and get ſome Friends along with me, to prevent their deſign,

San. Ay do, make haſte and ſave a ſoul. [Ordg. *exit.*

Enter Don Ruis.

Ruis. Ha, *Sanco* here! then I fear *Don Guſman* is gotten here before me upon the ſame deſign. Where's your Maſter?

San. Oh Sir I am glad you are come, he and *Don Diego* are gone to deſtroy both Soul and Body of one another.

Ruis. I fear'd ſo, when I miſs'd him in the Kings Lodgings, which way went they?

San. To the Grove of *Pines.*

Ruis. I'le endeavour to o'retake 'em. } *Exit.* Ruis *to the door.*
} San. *follows him talking*

San. I pray do Sir, and deſire my Maſter, for the Lords ſake, not to be kill'd, for if he dies I ſhall want a ſervice. Methinks he ſhoud have a little care of himſelf for my ſake. Well it is a ſtrange thing, that men can't ſtay till Nature brings the right Keyes, but muſt wear ſuch curſed Inſtruments at their Girdles to pick lock the doors of Mortality, and let Souls out ſo at randome.

Who fight with ſwords for life ſure care but little,
Since 'tis no more than this, in dock out nettle.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

The Scene Octavia's *Apartment in Count* Benevent's *House.*

Enter Elvira, Octavia.

Oct.a. WOnder not, Madam, that the relation of this Quarrel gives me no more disquiet. *Don Diego* is a man so indifferent to me now, that I have no more than a common concern for his safety.

Elv. Can you then be content to see the life of a Lover remain expos'd to the fury of his enemies?

Oct.a. *I* cou'd not once have suffer'd it. But know *Elvira*, that perfidious man has had the arrogance to scan even the most innocent actions of my life to find pretensions to justifie his own disloyalty. This day, not two hours since, I surpriz'd him in his Chamber with a shameless woman, whom he preferr'd to me.

Elv. Time is now too precious to be trifl'd away in unprofitable grievances. Know, dear Friend, I was that woman you surpris'd. I went to acquaint him with the intentions of his enemies, and to perswade him to that, which I now press you to undertake, your interruption and his own obstinate gallantry rendred my indeavours ineffectual.

Oct.a. Have then my suspitions wrong'd him! And is he faithful still! Oh my friend, how subject are Lovers to mistakes?

Elv. His innocence thus clear'd consent to use your interest to perswade him to grant that to a Mistress he refus'd to one unknown.

Oct.a. I'le rather let the worst happen fate has in store, than submit to visit him first. Try your interest, Madam, with *Don Gusman.*

Elv. *I* confess, Madam, I have some ascendancy over him, and if I desire him to sacrifice his resentment to me, I believe he will not refuse it. But know my Brother and he are gone to Court, and tho I have sent *Jacinta* home with orders to watch their

return, and privately to acquaint *Don Guſman*, that I am at a Friends houſe, where *I* deſire to ſpeak with him, and to conduct him hither, yet I am afraid leaſt they ſhould attempt to find your Lover before they return home, to prevent that danger, you muſt condiſcend to go immediately to *Don Diego* ——

Oct. To go and viſit him after the ſolemn leave I have taken, O, *I* cannot think on't.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. Madam, *I* have brought *Don Guſman* to the back door, where he waits for entrance.

Elv. Now, Madam, our deſign may be effected without the viſit you are ſo unwilling to make.

Oct. Oh Heavens! his coming hither is of dangerous conſequence. He is the man of whom *Don Diego* is become jealous, and if he ſhould know, that *I* have ſeen him here, he wou'd have reaſon to believe, that *I* have indeed betraid him.

Elv. To take away your fear, you ſhall underſtand how *I* contriv'd it. *I* order'd *Jacinta* to conduct him to the back door of your houſe, without giving him any account to whom it belong'd, tho he ſhould make inquiry. Now let ſome one go down, and open the back door, and bring him up the private ſtair caſe, into your apartment, *I* alone will appear to receive him; thus it will be ſo far from coming to the knowledge of *Don Diego*, that *Don Guſman* himſelf will never know that he has been here in your Houſe.

Oct. But if my Father ſhould come whilſt you are ſpeaking with *Don Guſman*, I'le aſſure you; and ſuſpect me to be half at leaſt concern'd in ſome amorous intrigue. *I* aſſure you, he is a man the hardeſt of any in the world to be put off with excuſes.

Elv. Let but the back door he enters at ſtill remain unlock'd, and if it ſhould ſo happen, that your Father returns, he may ſlip down the back ſtairs, and go out unſeen.

Oct. Go then *Jacinta*, bid *Beatrice* unlock the back door, and do you conduct him up the little ſtairs. Madam, [*Exit* Ja. I conjure you not to protract his ſtay with any unneceſſary diſcourſe; but to haſten his retreat with all expedition imaginable.

Elv. After a few minutes diſcourſe, *I* will releaſe you from your fears.

Oct.

Oct.a I will conceal my self in this little withdrawing-Room, during the time of his stay. I hear him coming.

[Octavia *absconds.*

Enter Don Gusman, Jacinta.

Elv. Don *Gusman*, I have contriv'd this meeting to satisfie my self of your intentions, and if you own that I have any power over you. do not disguise 'em. Do you still retain your resolution to fight Don *Diego.*

Gus. That is already done: and he is now no more either my enemy or your Brothers. [Octavia *rushes out.*

Oct. O Heavens! is he dead?

Gus. No Madam, he is not dead.

Oct. Is he hurt, or wounded, O my fears!

Gus. I will not inquire the cause, Madam, of your concern, but certainly he must be either a Lover or a Brother, and either of those Titles are sufficient to justifie your exacting from me an account of what is pass'd.

Elv. Quickly Sir let us hear ——

Gus. Don *Diego*, and my self, being gotten into the field, we had already our swords in our hands, and just ready to engage, when Don *Ruis*, who pursu'd us with all speed, interpos'd and declar'd to Don *Diego* that I was not his enemy, but that he was the only man offended, and was able without my assistance to take his revenge. Don *Diego* might perhaps have hearken'd to what he said; but I urg'd that he cou'd not quit me for another, without confessing himself conquer'd. He cou'd not digest so harsh a word, yet the obstinate Don *Ruis* to prevent our engagement, put himself again betwixt us.

Elv. What will be event of this?

Gus. Whilst we were thus contending, some friends, who had likewise heard of our design, I know not how, came to us, and woud know the ground of our quarrel.

Oct. This happy circumstance lightens my heart of half it's fears.

Gus. Don *Diego*, forc'd by their importunity to tell the cause of his resentment, declar'd he was jealous of me, charging me of attempts to deprive him of the affections of a Lady, for whom he had an ardour that was inextinguishable, then mention'd a Serenade last night, and a Letter that this morning he surpriz'd

in the hands of my ſervant. But *Don Ruis* clear'd me of theſe accuſations owning himſelf the perſon that gave this Cerenade, and that ſent the Letter too, but not to the Lady, but her ſervant. *Don Diego* perceiving his errors, embrac'd me in the moſt obliging manner, and made excuſes, which I receiv'd with a ſincere affection.

Octavia. Now my hopes bloſſom a pace?

Guſ. Now to adjuſt matters betwixt him and *Don Ruis*, their friends affirmed, that the extroardinary beauty of a Lady might juſtifie both their pretenſions to adore her. That two ſuch Gallant perſons, coveting the ſame object, declar'd it to be of a more then common value. And that a Lover without Rivals might conclude he had a Miſtreſs without merit.

Elv. Now Madam, comes the reſult of all —

Guſ. By theſe diſcreet Mediators they were oblig'd to conjure the fair perſon that charm'd them both to decide their right by her choice. And to promiſe one another, to look upon him without envy, whom it ſhoud pleaſe her to make happy, ſince both of them cou d not be ſo. Thus Madam, whether I ſpeak to the Siſter, or the Miſtreſs ——

Enter Beatrice *in haſte.*

Beat. O Madam, your Father unluckily is come in at the back door, and finding it open is ſo enrag'd that he has lock'd it and taken away the Key.

Oct. Haſte then and conduct this Gentleman down the Fore-Stairs, and let him out at the great Door, Sir, ſhall I beg your pardon. ——

Beat. Madam, 'tis impoſſible your Father follow's me cloſe and is by this time at the very Door.

Elv. I hear him. ——

Oct. Run, run in there Sir. } *abſconds in the withdrawing Room.*

Enter Count de Benevent.

Ben. Hey! Where are you, Ods precious no body below, all got to the houſe top like Cats in a Moonſhiny night. *Octavia*, where are you? Ods precious *Octavia* who unlock'd the back door, how comes it open, Ods precious have not I commanded it ſhould eternally be kept ſhut.

Oct.

Oct. It was was open'd, Sir, but just now. —

Ben. Ods precious that now should have been never. How often have you heard me say, That the back door, lets in the Theif, and lets out the Whore.

Elv. Sir, having made a visit just behind your house, and not being willing to come so near, without giving Madam *Octavia* an assurance of my respects, I sent to desire her, that the back door might be open'd to save me the trouble of going round.

Ben. Ods precious, Madam *Elvira*, I beg your pardon most heartily. Ods precious I thought no more of you than of the Soul of King *Philip*.

Elv. I am much displeas'd with my self for the liberty I have taken, since it is so much against your will.

Ben. Ods precious talk no more on't, I am extreamly glad of he honour you do me in visiting my daughter.

Elv. I hope Sir you will pardon my presumption.

Ben. Ods precious Madam, I'de a pull'd down one side of my house to have let you in.

Elv. The goodness you have so readily to excuse it —

Ben. Ods precious no more words about nothing, I am old and hasty, but true and hearty, and *Alphonso* is my name. But Ods precious *Octavia*, you have been to blame for entertaining this good Lady here all this while, when you have there so much a pleasanter and cooler Room. Come, Madam within there are some Pictures, and other little curiosities to please your Fancy.

Elv. Sir, we are but just come out thence, I have taken a full view of all. 'Tis indeed a very fine place.

Ben. But Ods precious whilst you do stay —

Elv. I was just taking my leave as you came in.

Ben. Ods precious but now I am come you'l stay a little longer.

Elv. Sir, I humbly beg your pardon, because I should commit a great incivility to some Ladies of the Court, who sent to know at what hour I would be at leasure to receive their visit, and it is now near the time appointed.

Ben. Nay, ods precious I have nothing to say against punctilio's

lio's; if it be ſo, do as like's you, and live the longer. Free-will and hearts eaſe make a complexion beyond Red-Wool and Fucus.

Elv. Sir, yor ſervant ——

Ben. Nay, Ods precious, but I'le wait on you home.

Elv. By no means Sir, I will not give you that trouble. Madam, your Servant. { *They kiſs on both cheeks, the whilſt* Octa. *ſpeaks to* Elv.

Oct. O dear *Elvira* refuſe not my Fathers offer, { *Aſide to* Elvira. his abſence at this time will infinitely oblige me. Since Madam, you know my Father offers nothing but what is requiſite, why? is't, you do your ſelf the injury to refuſe it.

Elv. I deny'd my ſelf the honour, cautious of being the occaſion of too great a trouble.

Ben. Ods precious, Madam, I am not ſo old yet to think it a trouble to wait upon Ladies. Mine was not an age of that debauchery to make men old and decrepid at thirty. I am upwards of threeſcore, and yet, Ods precious, I am ſound of Limb and cheary of heart. Ha, come Lady.

Elv. Your ſervant. —

Oct. Madam, your ſervant, [Ben. Elv. Beatrice. *exeunt.* *Beatrice* make haſte up again. Sir, you may now venture to come forth again. You narrowly eſcap'd, being diſcover'd. [Guſ. *come forth.*

Guſ. I heard ev'ry word he ſaid, and wonder'd what prevention you coud find.

Oct. I was all in a trembling, fear left me no power to ſpeak, I was haſty to ſay ſomething, but knew not what?

Guſ. Madam *Elvira* brought it off very handſomly.

Oct. She was a great preſence of wit, and ſpeaks with much aſſurance. I wonder *Beatrice* ſtayes.

Guſ. May I yet venter down ſtairs, Madam.

Oct. Stay Sir, and I will look out at Window and ſee if my Father is gotten into the Street, { *ſhe goes to the window, returns.* Oh Heavens, Sir, I ſee *Don Diego* below contending with *Beatrice* to come in.

Guſ. Fear nothing, Madam, from him.

Oct. Nothing never happ'n'd ſo unluckily. I hear him coming

ing up stairs, he is rush'd in, in spight of her, retire in there again Sir, and shut the door. [Gus. *absconds again.*

Enter Beatrice. Don Diego *pressing in.*

Beat. Nay Sir, you must not, pray *Don Diego* retire, My Lady will be angry.

Dieg. Nay *Beatrice*, I have proof enough thou art not my friend. Madam, I know you are already so much offended, that I cannot increase your anger with any new guilt; therefore I have prest into your house, but this is the most warrantable crime man ever committed; since it is to cast my self at your feet and supplicate your pardon for all my pass'd offences. I am now convinc'd of all: How much I have wrong'd your Virtue. I bless the day, the hour, that has render'd you innocent, and me only guilty.

Oct. Rise Sir, I pardon you ——

Dieg. Are you so heavenly, have you such a stock of mercy to forgive me?

Oct. I do Sir, with all my heart. But now you must be gone. My father has forbidden you the house, and charg'd me never to receive you more. He will presently come in if he finds you here, neither you nor I must hope his pardon.

Dieg. Whilst *I* was watching below to be blest with a sight of you from your Windows, he came forth in company of a person, whom 'tis probable he will not so soon leave. *If* with as much sincerity as speed, you granted my pardon, you will have time more than necessary to give me farther assurances of it, and I too shall have enough to return you thanks for your favours.

Oct. I have already said it, and confirm'd it, and most willingly again repeat it, I do pardon you, with all my heart I do, but now Sir you must go.

Dieg. I fear to forgive so many injuries with so much readiness; is less a mark of your goodness than of your indifference.

Oct. Sir, what woud you have me say?

Dieg. I woud be assur'd that I owe my pardon to your bounty and goodness only, and not to your fears or desires to have me gone.

Oct. If you think that you do not deserve the favours I be-

ſtow on you, now merit it by granting that which I demand of you, Not to ſtay any Longer. Your preſence gives me much diſquiet, from which I beg that by your ſudden abſence you'd deliver me.

Dieg. Your earneſtneſs to have me gone, gives me ſuſpitions That you deſign not my pardon, but my baniſhment.

Oct. To leave you no reply, know that what ever offence you have been guilty of, to refuſe believing that I now forget it, is to be guilty of a much greater.

Dieg. But Madam, all that you have done for me is unprofitable, if you do not yet more. *Don Ruis* with whom I have been quarrelling in the field, diſputes with me the honour of ſerving you, and to reconcile us, ſome friends have prevail'd with us, to ſubmit our ſelves to your choice; as ſoon as you have pronounc'd it, the unfortunate is to bear his wretchedneſs without a murmur, and I have ſo highly offended you; that I cannot but fear I am the perſon that muſt be miſerable.

Oct. I will engage my word to prefer you to *Don Ruis*, you never was ſo dear to me as now, therefore, Sir, fear nothing, or only fear, if you depart not now *I* deſire it, that *I'*le thruſt you out a door.

Dieg. How mighty preſſing you are Madam! You muſt have an averſion for me that my preſence gives you ſo great an affliction

Oct. O Sir, my Father.

Dieg. If he ſhoud come! The back door.

Oct O Sir, he has got the Key of't, be gone, be gone, or all my ſpight, and malice will return.

Dieg. Let but me ſtay one moment longer, that in your eyes I may once more find the way to your heart.

Beat. Oh Madam, looking out at the window, I ſaw your Father meet with *Don Ruis*, and has deliver'd Madam *Elvira* into his hand, and is return'd, he is juſt at the door.

Oct. We are undone ——

Dieg. *I'*le make ſure of my retreat in here?

Oct. Hold you muſt not Sir, my Father will come in there immediately, that being the cooleſt Room

{ Don Dieg. *runs to the door of the withdrawing-room. Half opens the door, puts one leg in,* Octavia *catches hold of his other arm to pull him back.*

in

in the house, he always writes his Letters there, and order'd when he went out, that Pen, ink, and paper should be carried in ready against his return.

Dieg. Lock it and say you have lost the Key, say any thing.

[*Goes half way in and retreats.*

Octa. Hold Sir, forbear, there is no lock to the door.

Dieg. I now discover ungrateful woman, what oblig'd you to be so earnest with me to be gone——

Octa. What Sir?

Dieg. Go, look in, and see one at the further end of the Room stand wrapt and twin'd in the window Curtain, a pair of large feet are visible, I know 'tis a Lyon by his Paw. *I*'le say no more to you now, because *I* am forc'd to leave you, but had I as little honesty as your self, I should now acquaint your Father ——

Beat. Sir, come this way, go down these little stairs to the back door, and remain there till I give you notice of an opportunity to make your escape. [Gus. *exit.*

Oct. *Beatrice* this is most unfortunate. What shall we do?

Beat. *I* heard my Master unlock his Study door. Madam go down, and pretend something of business, and all the while you discourse, keep your body betwixt the door and him, or find some occasion to shut it. I'le place *Don Gusman* at the top of the stairs in readiness to slip down at a minutes warning.

Octa Do *Beatrice*. I'le run down before, for fear he should be coming out, and frame some pretence to keep him longer there.

[Octa. *Exit.*

Beat. Sir, Pray come forth. [*Enter* Don Gusman.

O Sir *Don Diego* saw you for all the Curtain.

Gus. Did he know who I was?

Beat. No Sir, I believe not, he only discover'd by your feet that you were a man, follow me Sir to the stair head. [Gus. Beat. *exunt.*

Enter Don Diego. *Peeping into the Room, and enters by degrees.*

Dieg. Ha, I see no body, all's quiet, *I* hear no noise in any part of the House, this was, as I suspected, all but design, they were urgent with me to be gone, for fear I should make a discovery of the person they conceal'd, the pretence too of the old Counts being return'd was a false alarm to draw me out of the Room, till they conveyed the other away. 'Tis so, here's no

body now. O my too tender ſenſe of her honour? O Female ſubtilty? had I but ſuſpected this before I woud have forc'd that traytor from his Sanctuary into the open field, and there have reveng'd my injuries with my Sword, I hear ſome body coming up I'le ſtep in till I know who it is.

[Dieg. *goes into the room, where* Guſman *came out.*

Enter Octavia, Beatrice, *following her at a diſtance.*

Oct. Beatrice, I have got the Key of the Back door. My Father had laid it down upon the little table in his ſtudy, run, run down, and let *Don Diego* out, that *I* may carry't again before he miſſes it. Oh Heavens! She has not yet convey'd *Don Guſman* out, he is ſtill in the next Room, I ſaw him put to the door: I thought you had been gone, for Heavens ſake *Don Guſman* keep cloſe till the jealous *Don Diego.* —— [Beat. *Exit. the backway*

[Don Dieg. *comes forth.*

Dieg. Well Madam. ——

Oct. Ah. ——

Dieg. What woud you ſay of the jealous *Don Diego*? what think you now has not his ſuſpitions wrong'd your virtue, has he not been much to blame, for doubting a fidelity ſo pure? And you have queſtionleſs been very obliging, to have ſo much goodneſs for a man who deſerv'd it ſo little. O ungrateful, and perfidious! [*Enter* Beatrice.

Beat. O he's here!

Oct. Speak lower Sir, or you will undo us both. You are again in a miſtake ——

Dieg. In a miſtake deceitful Woman!

Oct. For Heaven ſake, Sir, ſpeak lower or my Father. —

Enter Count de Benevent.

Ben. Ods precious, who's here?

Oct. a. Beat. Ah, Ah.

Ben. Ods precious, *Don Diego,* I thought *I* had forwarn'd you my houſe. You Miſtreſs Minx, Ods precious, was that the deſign of your coming down to ſteal away the Key, to let him out, thy blood ſhall waſh away the ſtain from thy Family when I have been reveng'd of this Traytor, this Theif that ſteals into my houſe, and robs me of my honour. Ods precious, Sir, you are come a viſiting. I'le give you, your entertainment. [*they draw.*

Oct.

Oct. Beat. Ah, Ah- [*Oct. Bea. runs down the back stairs, exeunt.*

Ben. Are you got to the door? I'le wait on you down. Ho *Pedro*, *Pedro*, shut the door *Pedro*. } Don Dieg. *fights only warding the blows, and defending himself, and retreats to the door. Fighting, exeunt.*

Enter Don Gusman. *The Scene changes to the Street.*

Gus. Don *Diego* has not yet made his escape. I would fain meet him at his coming out, to search into his temper and resolutions.

Enter Beatrice, Octavia.

Octa. Give me my vail *Beatrice.*

Beat. Madam, here's *Don Gusman.*

Octa. O Sir, my Father has surpriz'd *Don Diego* in the house, we left 'em with their swords drawn. He threatned to murder me. But I took the opportunity to make my escape at the back door whilst they quarrel'd. *Don Diego* knows it was you that were in the closet.

Gus. Whither do you fly Madam?

Octa. I know not Sir, to *Elvira.*

Gus. She and her Woman pass'd by just now, and *Don Ruis* presently after.

Octa. I must take shelter quickly, I shall be persu'd.

Gus. Are you well acquainted with *Don Ruis* his house?

Octa. Very well.

Gus. Take this Key then and go into the apartment forwards, whilst I go and see how the business ends between your Father and your Lover. Of which I'le bring you word presently.

Octa. Pray do Sir, and satisfie 'em both in what you know of the business. Come *Beatrice.* [Octa. Beat. *exeunt.*

[*As* Don Gusman *is going off he meets* Don Diego.

Enter Don Diego.

Dieg. *Don Gusman* you are the Person of the World I desired to meet. Now at least, I hope, we may pretend a just ground to quarrel —

Gus. Hold Sir, when I fight it is in the field.

Diego. Lets go then.

Gus. Stay Sir and hear me, you will but put your self to an unnecessary trouble.

Dieg. *Don Gusman* I expect to find you of a temper not to disown, but justifie your actions.

Gus. It is Sir, and I shall both own and justifie my being in the House of the Count *de Benevent.* *Dieg.*

Dieg. Enough Sir, Come.

Guſ. Stay Sir, and let me tell you in ſhort, That I was no ſooner return'd from the field, but I was inform'd by the Servant of *Elvira*, that her Miſtreſs was gone to a Friends Houſe, and had given her order to bring me to her with all ſpeed, where ſhe had an opportunity to diſcourſe with me, which the preſence of *Don Ruis* allow'd her not at home. I went: was conducted in a back way at a private door: was had up into a fair apartment, where I was received only by the fair *Elvira*, her firſt words demanded if I were reſolv'd to fight with you. I replied we had already been in the field, and that you was no longer my enemy or her Brothers. Thoſe doubtful words deceiv'd the underſtanding of one that hearken'd, for then a Lady bolted out of an inner Room, eagerly demanding if you was kill'd! Her paſſionate enquiries forc'd from me a ſpeedy relation of what had paſs'd in the field, which ſcarce was ended when news was brought that her Father was come in; that he had lock'd the back door, which was left open for my retreat; to avoid his preſence, I retired into an inner Room, but he no ſooner enter'd, but *Elvira* took her leave to be gone, he offer'd her his ſervice home, which ſhe accepted to give me an opportunity to get out of the houſe. They were no ſooner gone, but your coming up occaſioned a ſecond ſurpriſe. I again made my retreat to the ſame place. What follow'd I need not tell you. Now *Don Diego* do you think, you and *I* have any occaſion to go into the Field.

Dieg. How malitiouſly fate contrives to turn the reſpects and ſervices *I* pay to that perſon *I* love, into occaſions of hatred and diſpleaſure.

Guſ. Love to your advantage will ſoon o'recome thoſe reſentments.

Dieg. My follies have expos'd her to the fury of an enrag'd Father. All his wild anger now will flaſh on her.

Guſ. She is not in his power: whilſt you two were contending ſhe made her eſcape. Here *I* had the fortune to meet her, we but juſt parted as you came.

Dieg. And whither is ſhe fled for Refuge?

Guſ. *I* have given her the Key of my apartment, where if *Elvira* is from home ſhe will do me the honour to ſtay till my return.

Dieg. You have remov'd a world of care and trouble from my heart.

Gus. She gave me her commands to make enquiry what has happ'n'd to her Father and you in this quarrel.

Dieg. I retreated, onely defending my self till I reach'd the stairs, and then I was too nimble for the old assaylant. He persu'd me down, with what speed he cou'd, but I first made sure of the door, and in a minute, when it was just going to be lock'd by one of his servants, and so made my escape without doing or receiving any hurt. Come *Don Gusman*, let me not delay throwing my self at her feet, to implore her grace and favour, and from her breast remove the anxiety of her fears.

Gus. Leave that to my care. I counsel you to go directly to some friends that you know have the greatest influence o're her offended Father, and by their assistance disabuse him if he think any thing has pass'd betwixt you and *Octavia* in prejudice to his honour, and her virtue.

Dieg. I approve of your advice. During my absence, excuse my extravagancies and prepare me a kind reception.

Gus. I promise you the best of my service. [*Severally exeunt.*

Enter Octavia, Beatrice.

Oct. Friend, if any but your Master come to enquire for me, say I am not here?

San. If they ask for you, by your name, *I* may safely say I Don't know where you are: but if they enquire for one with no name, how then?

Beat. Why then say the same ——

San. So I will, if your Lady desires the same.

Oct. Do honest friend?

Beat. Living in the Service of a Cavaliere, you cannot but be so well bred, as to have at all times an excuse ready to serve a Lady.

San. Yes, I'le tell a Lye to shew my breeding. [San. *Exit.*

Oct. Now *Beatrice* go with all speed to my Aunts house, acquaint her with these unlucky accidents, and tell her *I* desire leave to put my self under her protection, that during the time of my Fathers displeasure, she may be responsible for my carriage. Say I am at present with Madam, *Elvira.*

Beat. Yes, Madam?

Oct.

Oct. Stay *Beatrice*, first give me the Key of the door, I'le lock my self in, and make answer to no body, 'till your return, except *Don Guſman*; as you go down charge *Sanco* to watch his Masters coming, and to bid him speak, when he knocks at the Door, that I may be sure not to open it to any one but him.

Beat. Madam, he is come already ——

Oct. Go then *Beatrice*, make haste. [Beat. *Exit.*

Enter Don Guſman.

Guſ. Madam, I bring you the good news that your Father and Lover parted without the least damage receiv'd from either's Sword. And that *Don Diego* is gone to get friends to mitigate his displeasure, by giving him a just account of his being in the house and ——

Enter Sanco.

San. Hold, hold Madam, I'le first see if my Master says he is within. Sir, here's a Lady urgent to speak with you.

Oct. I'le not be seen ——

Guſ. Step into that Closet, Madam, and shut the door, your imprisonment shall be but short. Entreat the Lady to walk in.

San. As far as I see she wants no entreaty, Madam, my Master is within as good luck will have 't.

Enter Elvira.

Elv. I knew that, I a'most overtook him at the Door. You see Sir, I am as good as my word, *I* told you, you should see me when it was convenient.

Guſ. How egregiously. I have been mistaken; till now I thought that, *Octavia*, and this unknown had been the same person.

Elv. Whence is it Sir, you seem amaz'd?

Guſ. If *Elvira* shoud know I converse with this invisible Mistress, she woud suspect me false, and punish the treachery by renouncing my Love.

Elv. Do's my presence Sir, displease you, that you thus coldly receive this favour, which I coud not grant without giving my self so much confusion.

Guſ. 'Tis true Madam, that you did promise to honour me with your presence, and when you had the goodness to make it, your words had something in 'em very harmonious, but now the fear I have, 'least any shoud surprise you here, lets me not see you

you without great reluctance, therefore, if you will sensibly oblige me, deprive me of the honour I confess my self unworthy of.

Elv. How pleas'd I am to hear this. [*Aside*
Don Gusman, I thought the answer you return'd in writing, had been but rallery, or if meant really, that you writ it injustice to your friend; whose Mistress you suspected me. I came now with resolutions to convince you of that mistake, by unvailing my self to you. But since I find how little satisfi'd you are with my visit, I assure you, I will never more do you the honour to trouble you. Fare you well Sir. } Elvira *goes out at door, comes running in.*

Gus. At what Madam, are you surpris'd?

Elv. Some one is coming up stairs — } *to her self.*
it is my Brother. I'le run into the Closet.
Ha, there is a Woman, I saw her } Elvira *runs to the Closet, pulls*
hand, when she clapt the Door } *the Door a little open,* Octa.
against me. I find 'tis not out } *within, claps it too again.*
of respect to thee *Elvira* he has seen, that he refuses the kindness of *Elvira* vail'd. But for her sake that is there conceal'd.

Enter Ruis, Ruis *speaks to* Elvira *taking her for* Octavia, *she all the while shifts from him.*

Ruis. Madam, I have heard of the misfortunes that happ'n'd at Count *Benevents*; and came with all possible haste to offer you my service. Were not your interest concern'd, I shoud rejoyce at the accident that gives me opportunity to converse with the person, for whose society alone I woud quit the rest of the World. Why is it Madam, that you fly from me? What do you fear from a Lover that never oppos'd your rigour but by a Multitude of respects? And who having heard of your disasters, does not approach you, but to make an offer of all the services he is capable to render?

Gus. To whom, *Don Ruis*, do you beleive you speak?

Ruis. To *Octavia*, who has escap'd from her Fathers house, and came to my sister *Elvira*, but not finding her within, has given you the honour of her company.

Gus. I know not who has so inform'd you. But the Lady you see is so far from being *Octavia*, that she is not in the least known to you.

Ruis. Don Guſman you are queſtionleſs ſo much my friend, as not to make a miſtery of a thing I know ſo well; if the fair ungrateful, to whom I coud never render my ſelf conſiderable enough to be belov'd, had not cruelly deſir'd you to do it. She woud not hide her ſelf as ſhe does, if in my place, *Don Diego* had come and aſſur'd her of his ſervice, and this her refuſal to anſwer, is not the firſt injuſtice ſhe has done me.

Guſ. Don Ruis to oblige you to retire, I'le confeſs to you, that this is the unknown charming perſon I told you of; therefore let me entreat you not to do her the affront to endeavour to know her better.

Ruis. Ah *Don Guſman*, you interreſs your ſelf too much to my diſadvantage; I know this to be *Octavia*, I had a relation of what paſs'd in her fathers houſe, with an account of her eſcape and being here, from *Beatrice* her own ſervant, whom I met as ſhe was going to the Ladies Aunt.

Guſ. Whatever ſhe told you, yet *I* aſſure you, that you are now miſtaken: and affirm that this is not *Octavia*, but the vail'd Lady.

Ruis. If what you ſay be true, and that the perſon *I* ſee is not *Octavia*, let her tell me ſo her ſelf, and *I*'le withdraw; *I* do not demand the ſight of her, ſince ſhe is unwilling to be ſeen, but one word is quickly ſpoke, and *I* am reſolv'd not to retire til from her own mouth, *I* receive my adieu.

Guſ. Two or three words Madam, will deliver us from his preſence. *I* do not ſay in what a fear *I* am for you, and for my ſelf, if it ſhould happen that others ſhould ſurpriſe you here: do not ſtay for the misfortunes which *I* foreſee, ſince with one word you may have free paſſage and reſcue me from a mighty trouble. } Guſman *ſpeaks this aſide to* Elvira.

Elv. See Sir, if *I* can reſcue you from it. } Elvira *turns her back to* Ruis, *lifts up her vail, and ſhews* Guſman *her face.*

Guſ. Han! conceal your face again, Madam, and be reſolute neither to ſpeak a word, nor let him ſee you, *I* expect *Don Diego* will come preſently and aſk for *Octavia*, who is in the Cloſet, into which I will put you as ſoon as your Brother is gone out of the Room. *Don Ruis* I can't prevail with the Lady to ſpeak one word to you } *to* Elvira. } *turns to* Ruis.

En-

Enter Sanco.

San. Sir, Sir, here's *Don Diego* below, shall I fetch your Pistols out of the Closet?

Gus. Hold Sirrah, what woud you have the Pistols for?

San. O Sir, now 'tis a rare time to be reveng'd as he comes up stairs, they are ready charg'd.

Gus. Go and wait on him up ——

San. If I was a person of Quality, and he shoud beat my servant, but half so much as he did yours, I'de shoot at him tho there were no more men in the World.

Gus. Hold your prating, unless you have a mind to be beaten again.

San. Nay Sir, he has disparag'd your Livery enough already with his Cane, I am almost a sham'd to walk after you in't; there remains the print of every blow he gave me visible to all the world to your disgrace.

Gus. If you are my servant, hold your tongue and do your duty.

San. I know not well whither I am your servant or not. This is your coat, but I have been looking under't, and there *I* find *I* wear the Livery of *Don Diego*, black and blew upon Orenge-Tawny. And he takes the liberty to beat me at his pleasure, as if he was my master.

Gus. *I*'le run my sword in your Guts.

Gusman *makes an offer to draw his Sword,*
San. *takes a large leap to the door.*

San. Oh, *Don Diego*'s here Sir.

Enter Don Diego.

Dieg. My obliging enemy, *I* have staid longer than *I* expected. *Octavia*, who makes your apartment her sanctuary, and who already has so much reason to hate me, will be offended at it without question But Madam, *I* hope you will give me your pardon, when you shall know that *I* have spent my time wholly in your service, visiting of friends who have power with your father, to try if they can pacifie his displeasure, and make him favourable to my desires.

Ruis. Now *Don Gusman*, will you affirm that this vail'd person is not *Octavia*, how can you excuse the wrong to friendship, and the injuries done to me?

Dieg. 'Tis *I* who have reason to be offended, that find you

here *Don Guſman* who gave me his word to ſerve me, has not been punctual to his promiſe, to give you opportunity in my abſence to inſinuate into the affections of that beauty who has charm'd us both.

Guſ. You are much to blame *Don Diego*, for making any complaints againſt me; far from embracing the intereſt of *Don Ruis* I have proteſted to him, e're ſince he came, that this Lady was not *Octavia*, as he believ'd: but ſince you are both preſent, I am not any longer oblig'd to deny that it is ſhe her ſelf. If you are minded to have her away, behold I deliver her into your hand, for I know from her own mouth, that it was you ſhe reſolv'd to make her choice.

Ruis. He muſt take my life that will take her from hence, before ſhe has told me her ſelf, that it is you whoſe ſervice ſhe is pleas'd to accept. *Don Guſman* whom I thought my friend, does not give me marks enough of it, to oblige me to relie upon his word. I will ſtand to the conditions we have made. I doubt whether *Octavia* will be for you, or me, ſo long as ſhe does not ſay any thing:

Enter Octavia *out of the Cloſet.*

Oct. If there wants only my ſpeaking, you ſhall not be long in doubt.

Dieg. Ruis. Ha. ——

Oct. If my eſteem can do you any good, that I offer you; but it is impoſſible for me ever to give you my Love: beſtow your heart on ſome other perſon, whoſe inclinations may make her worthy of it.

Ruis. The fatal ſentence now is paſs'd, my hopes as the Sun goes down in Clouds, now ſet in dark deſpair. But here like that to riſe again.

Oct. Endeavour not to take ill what I have ſaid to you, ſince it was you only forc'd me to ſay ſo much.

Ruis. No Madam, now I withdraw all my pretenſions; no more do I obſtruct your courſe of Love. As ſhe and you think fit, diſpoſe of her. [*to* Don Diego.

Oct. Now Sir, convey me ſecretly to my Aunts, under whoſe care and protection you ſhall leave me, till from your friends you have an account of my Fathers temper and reſolutions. I will no longer [illegible] the return of *Beatrice*.

Guſ. Ho? *San.*

Enter Sanco.

San. Run down and get two Chairs ready. } *to* Elvira.
Madam I'le send you away in one. } *aside.*

Ruis. Now friend I find you told me nothing but truth. That Lady is not *Octavia*, Madam, I beg your pardon, you see how much it did concern me to enquire. [*Exeunt.*

A noise without, and squeaking of Women.

Enter Octavia *running, bolts her self into the Closet,* Elvira *comes running at the door, her vail hangs, she loses it, she runs to the Closet finds it lock'd.*

Enter Sanco.

San. I find the Ladies and I are of the same constitution, sworn enemi's to drawn Swords.

Elv. The door is shut, } Elvira *runs to get up her vail,*
what shall I do. } *meets* Ruis *who had taken it up.*

San. Nay if you are all providing for } Sanco *creeps under the Table.*
your selves, I'le shift for one. }

Enter Ruis, Guſman, Diego Alguazil, } Ruis *takes up the*
Count de Benevent, *and officers.* } *vail as he comes in.*

Alg. Don Diego, you are my prisoner.

Dieg. Sir I submit.

Ben. Ods precious, hold him fast ——

Ruis. Madam, here's your vail.

Ben. Come Ods precious, where are you gentlewoman?

Ruis. Ha *Elvira*!

Ben. Ods precious, that's none of her.

Ruis. O disgraceful Maid, was it you that kept your self so close in your vail, and stood so mute, shame to thy sex, and dishonour to thy Family. I'le be reveng'd. } Ruis. *lays hand on his Sword.*

Guſ. Hold Don *Ruis.*

Alg. Hold Sir.

Ben. Ods precious, she has been playing pranks too? The Moon's in the critical minute.

Ruis. I will at present choak my anger, ——

Guſ. By all that's sacred in friendship, I swear that nothing has pass'd betwixt your fair sister and [illegible]ch the most austere vertue can disapprove ——

Ben. Ay, ay, no harm, no harm, Ods precious my jewel will be at that too anon.

Guſ.

Guſ. 'Till you preſt her to ſpeak, *I* did not ſo much as know the perſon *I* had been converſing with to be *Elvira*.

Ben. Come, come, Ods precious where is her fellow Comrade in miſchief? Ods precious there's never any good towards, when young Girles get together a tatling.

Alg. Don Diego by order of Juſtice you muſt remain my Priſoner, unleſs you conſent to marry the Lady. No other Act of yours can vindicate her fame, or reſtore to her Family the honour you have taken from it.

Dieg. Do you, Count *Benevent*, exact this from me?

Ben. Ods precious do *I*.

Dieg. You ſeek to force a bleſſing on me, which *I* would have implor'd from you, and have already imploy'd my beſt friends to interceed for.

Ben. Ods precious then *I* am ſatisfied as to that punctilio: But Ods precious, where is ſhe? where is ſhe?

Enter Octavia. *She comes out of the Cloſet.*

Oct a, I may now venture out, and appear unveild. Sir with my face uncover'd *I* kneel before you to let you ſee *I* have not a heart conſcious of crimes to make me bluſh. *I* know not of any offence *I* have committed, except my fear of your diſpleaſure be one. *I* fled not Sir from you, but from your Anger.

Ben. Ods precious that's all one: *I* le march you off for all that. There take her: look to her your ſelf, Ods precious you know her tricks better than *I* do. { Ben. *gives* Octavia *to* Don Diego.

Dieg. Now Sir, I hope, your anger is appeas'd, and you are fully ſatisfied.

Ben. Ods precious I have no more to ſay.

Guſ. But *Don Ruis*, I perceive your brow is ſtill contracted. If my acknowledgements can remove your diſpleaſure, I will confeſs that no Lover ever ſacrific'd a heart in brighter flames, than I do mine to the fair *Elvira*. Nor is the offering, I believe, diſpleaſing to her: If, *Don Ruis*, you hold me worthy of your ſiſter, and my friendſhip is as acceptable to you, as my love to her, promote it's perfection; and let our marriage bind me to you in a ſtricter union.

Ben. Ods precious e'ne let him have her too. As they have been Rogues together, e'ne let 'em fare both alike, and now go

go to be married together. Ods precious, it is the best way, so a done.

Ruis. I feel the torments of succesless love, and cannot be so cruel to see my friend in that condition. 'Tis my only happiness at this time, that I can so well dispose of her. I have a mind at present so disturb'd at my own loss, that I have no conduct o're my self, how unfit am *I* then to have the charge of another? Here Sir, *I* resign her to you.

Sanc. So, Now the danger is pass'd and the storm is quite over, *I*'le venture abroad and bid adieu to my Cover.

[Sanco *crawls from under the Table.*

Elv. I wish, in return, *I* could settle such a peace in your breast, as you have done in mine.

Ben. Ods precious Cheary, cheary, D*on Ruis*, Love in the breast is like a bush of dry Thorns in an oven; it blazes, and crackles, and keeps a sputter for a while, but presently gives over. Ods precious think no more of her.

San. Sir the next time you ask my Master leave to send me to be beaten, pray let it be to gain your Mistress, now he goes away with her, *I* have been cudgel'd to no purpose.

Ruis. I cannot soon forget the ruin of my hopes, but I will wear my sorrows with discretion.

Yet if my griefs by fits you do discover,
Excuse those starts in a rejected Lover.

[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPOLOGUE.

OUr Play's ſucceſs we very much do fear,
For we ſee few, but Wits and Criticks here;
We are ſure of you at all times of th'year.
Our Londoners are gone for recreation
To ſpend with Country friends the long vacation;
Or elſe to *Epſome* for a moneth's purgation.
The Country gallants too, whom ſuits of Law,
And Four Cart-horſes up to Town did draw
In mouldy Couch, fill'd with their ſhe relations,
Who once a year come up to ſee the faſhions;
When each had bought her a new tawdry Gown,
The Law Suits ended and the terms were done.
They and their Sun burnt Squires haſten'd down.
How we rejoic'd to ſee 'em in our pit!
What difference, me thoughts there was,
Betwixt a Country Gallant and a Wit.
When you did order Perriwig with Comb,
They only us'd four fingers and a Thumb.
Whil'ſt you ſtroak'd up fring'd gloves were elbow deep,
They one glove on, the other off did keep,
Thus twiſt and twiſt, and the tand calve-skin gripe,
Till it look'd like a Chitterlin or Tripe;
And then to ſtretch it, thus thro' hand they'd pull it.
But Lord! the wiſp'd Cravat that hung below the gullet!
How pale and white did your complexions ſhew
To their Mary-Gold-Faces, as they ſat by you!
But when betwixt the acts they did ſtand up,
Their ſwords look'd as if they belong to th'County troops,
Huge ones they wore in narrow girdle Belts.
But moſt I laugh'd to ſee their flapping Felts.
They in their greaſie waſte Belts and great Swords,
Like Yeomen look'd, but you like any Lords.
You had large ſhoulder Belts with Riband ty'd,
And each a little little ſpit-frog by his ſide.
Well as you pleaſe you may laugh on and jeer,
But ſuch as theſe all your Forefathers were.
Tho they perha[illegible]n't ſo much Wit as you,
They'[illegible]re more [illegible]ure and more Money too;
But there the Ci[illegible] does them out do.
Wherefore your Company our ſtage renounces,
For the kind Country clowns, and the rich City Dunces.

FINIS.